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The Last Man of His Tribe

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE

By Verner Z. Reed

I AM an old man, and my name is Hak-ki. I am a son of Lost Pueblo, and in my time I have seen stranger things than were ever seen by my fathers or the fathers of my fathers; and as you are a white-skinned wanderer who tells me strange tales of your great land in the North, I will tell you the true tale of Lost Pueblo, a place that is now deserted and unknown to men, and the tale of my nation that, save me, is vanished from the face of the earth.

In the old time of the long ago there flourished a prosperous pueblo in a fertile valley among the blue mountains of the land that the white-skinned men now know by the name of New Mexico. The people of that pueblo had been known as wise people for generations unnumbered; its fields were rich, its houses were many and large, and its shamans, or wise men, said the Shiuana, the Great Spirit, looked upon it with great love, and that the pueblo and its people were very dear to the Great Father who dwells in the sun. The men of the pueblo were brave warriors who had won many scalps from the savage tribes who dwelt in the wild country surrounding their fields, and the shamans said that the sons of that pueblo would never be conquered. But a witch must have been born among that people, for in an evil hour their glory began to fade and their prosperity to diminish.

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First the rains came not in the months of rain, and the crop of maize was blighted, and the people hungered and were nigh unto starvation; then the savage Apaches who dwelt in the wild country came down upon them in hordes, killed the flower of their young men, carried the women away as slaves, destroyed their houses and even their sacred estufas, and the old men of the tribe sorrowed because the anger of the Shiuana had fallen so heavily upon them, and they knew not the reason of their affliction.

Sacred dances were held; the shamans fasted for many days, until the life was almost gone from their bodies; the men, the women and the children stood upon the housetops and prayed, and sacrifices were offered; but instead of smiles from the Shiuana there came a strange and unknown disease, and many people were mowed down by the dark-winged angel of death and were hurried on the road to the land above.

In that old pueblo there was a young man of great bravery who sorrowed much that his people were so sorely stricken, and although he was not a shaman he went into a cave alone and fasted seven days and seven nights; and then it was revealed unto him that the pueblo of his fathers was grown too populous, that the people were too many to live from the lands, and that the wars with the Apaches and the ravages of the plague were but visitations sent to reduce the number of the people, to destroy some that all might not die or be forced to engage in unholy war with each other for food.

This warrior told of what had been revealed unto him in the cave, and many of the wise old men shook their heads and said he lied; but many young men and young women believed in him, and asked of him what he thought might be done that they and their fathers might not die nor engage in unholy war each with his brethren, which would be worse than to die. The young warrior knew not what reply to make, and to gain wisdom he went again to the cave and fasted for three days and three nights more, when it was revealed unto him that he must select one person from every six who dwelt in the pueblo, and with them go to a strange land and found a new pueblo that should be a home for him and his friends, and the children of himself and his friends. And when he spoke of this to the young people of the pueblo they believed that he spoke in true words and not in lies.

So it came about that a great dance was held, and then the warrior and one man out of every six men, and one woman out of every six women, and one urchin out of every six urchins in the pueblo took bags of maize, and meat, and seeds, and put them on their heads or slung them on their shoulders. They all set out to the land where the sun is when the day is three-fourths dead.

For six long days these people journeyed, and the sun was hot and the way was weary; and on the morning of the seventh day they came to a high mountain that rose to the snow, and around which there seemed to be no pass. The warrior sent men to seek for a way around the mountain; but in one day's time they returned with sad faces to say that there was no way.

Then the weary men were sorry in their hearts, and the women fell on their faces and tore their hair; but the warrior was of good cheer, for he knew that he had been guided aright. The warrior bade his people eat and drink and gain strength, and after three days of resting he bade them climb the mountain. The men grew angry and called him a fool and the son of a witch; but he told them that to return to their fathers was to starve, that there was no pass around the mountain, and that if they believed the Shiuana did not lie they must believe that their way led across the top of the mountain. Then the men who had murmured were ashamed, and they all began to climb the mountain.

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The way was over rocks and hurt their feet, and as they went higher it grew bitterly cold, and the people were almost ready to lie down on the wild mountain and die; but the young warrior, whose name was Looki, cheered them, and told them that they must surely find a beautiful land ere many days. And just as the strongest men were giving up in despair, Looki gained the crest of the mountain of snow and sent up such a shout of joy that his voice reached even the fainting ones who had lain down and refused to go farther. The people were cheered by Looki's voice, and they gathered their strength and struggled to the crest of the mountain, where it was very cold because of the snow, and where there were no trees. But when they reached the very top, and could look down on the other side, their hearts were very glad, for far, far down below them there was a beautiful green valley, all shut in by high snow mountains, in which there was green grass and many green trees, and herds of deer and of bison, and it seemed to them that the Shiuana had smiled on this land, and it had blossomed and flourished for their use.

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On the sides of the mountain nearest to the valley there were springs from which the water flowed forever, and the people rejoiced and knew that that valley was their Promised Land. But the side of the mountain nearest to the valley was so steep that even a wild goat of the mountains could not go down, and the people knew not how to descend. Again the young warrior sent away a man to search for a way to get into the valley, and, although it was very cold on the top of the mountain, the people did not complain. The man returned with a sad face and said that there was no way; but again Looki was of good cheer, and he told the men to take their garments and the women to take their robes and to tie them all together one to the other; and when this was done they fastened the rope of clothes to a crag of rock, and one by one the people took hold of the rope and perilously climbed down from the mountain of snow into the beautiful valley of grass. When the last one was down they pulled at the rope of clothes until it broke from the crag, and they all had their garments again. Then they turned their faces to the Father in the sun and gave thanks that they had been safely led to a new home in a far country.

When they were all safe in the valley they killed bison with arrows and had food, and then the women began to build houses, and the men planted the seeds they had carried from the pueblo of their fathers. And that was how there came to be founded the pueblo that in all the old pueblos was forever after known as Lost Pueblo.

In the old pueblo there were no tidings heard of the people who had gone forth, until after two harvests had gone by, and the people believed their children had been slain by the wild Apaches while making their journey. But one man who had gone forth with the wanderers returned to the pueblo of his fathers, and he was half crazed, like a deer that had eaten of the poison loco, or like a man that had been bewitched by some vile bird. When he was fed and had rested he told of the journeyings of the wanderers, and of the new pueblo they had builded in the green valley. He had tired of the new pueblo and had longed for the land of his fathers, so he had climbed the high mountain of snow and come home. He was so near to starving and to dying from cold that the strength of his mind had gone from him, and when he tried to lead the men to the new pueblo he could not, although he tried for many weary days; and the men in the old pueblo never again heard of their children, and forever after they spoke of them as their children who dwelt in Lost Pueblo.

The people who builded the new pueblo in the valley longed to hear from their fathers again, and they tried to find a way over the vast mountains of snow that shut them in on every side, but they could find no way, and they, too, named their home Lost Pueblo. And for six hundred years these people and their children, and the children of their children's children, lived out their lives in Lost Pueblo, which was in a green valley six miles one way and two miles another way, and was like a pit cut in the face of the mountains, and shut in on all sides.

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They worshiped in all these years the gods of their fathers, they kept green the memories of all the knowledge that was known in the old pueblo, and after six hundred years had gone into the past the people of Lost Pueblo were a wise people, being even as wise as their forefathers who had found the valley. It was in my lifetime that the nation of the valley was six hundred years old, and among that people I was a chief and a priest.

When I was a young man there was born into my nation a male child who was named Say-Len; and when I was becoming an old man Say-Len was a strong young man, and such another young man had never lived in Lost Pueblo. He was so strong that he could do the work of two strong men and find the work to be but play; he was so gentle that he would leave the council to soothe a crying child; and he was so brave that he longed to be a warrior and make war for his people; and when the fathers told old tales of the wars our forefathers of the old land had fought six hundred years before, the heart of Say-Len was heavy within him, for the people of Lost Pueblo knew no other nations, and there were no savage tribes to make war upon.

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Say-Len looked upon the walls of our valley as a captive looks upon the walls of his prison, and he longed to cross those walls and learn if the sons of our people still dwelt in the old land among the mountains. Say-Len loved a maid of Lost Pueblo, and for her sake, and to show her how brave he was, he longed to scale the mountains, to go forth to the old land of his forefathers, and to learn what manner of men and of things were in the world that lay beyond our narrow valley. The old men of the nation were sad because of the continued longings of Say-Len, and his mother and the maid he loved also besought him to remain among his own people and be content. He paid no heed to their entreaties, and he daily tried to scale the mighty walls of living rock that hedged in the valley of our home. It sounds like a lie to say it, but it is true that in time he climbed out of the valley. He himself could never say how it came about that he was able to climb out, but he believed, and I believe, that he had the help of the Shiuana, who is good to brave men. When he had climbed out of the valley, then were the hearts of our people very heavy with sadness, for Say-Len was the bravest son of our nation, and we never expected to look upon his face again.

As the years passed away we prayed to our Great Father in the sun that He would guard Say-Len wherever he might wander, and that if he lived He would bring him back to his own people. But the time was so long that we did not think our prayers would be answered. For five years the people of Lost Pueblo heard no word of Say-Len, and all but the maid he loved believed him dead; but the maid refused to wed with any other, saying always that she believed Say-Len

DRAWN BY L. MAYNARD DIXON

"AND THE DEATH WAIL WAS HEARD AFRESH IN EVERY HOUR"

would return to her. The maid believed a truth, for in five years the wanderer returned to his own land and his own people.

One day I was tilling maize in my field, when I heard a great shout go up from the pueblo, and I hurried to my house and found the people gazing up at the great snow mountain that rose above the valley; and

DRAWN BY L. MAYNARD DIXON

"THEY STOOD ON THE HOUSETOPS AND PRAYED"

on the top of the snow mountain there stood a man who waved a white cloth to the people. The fathers and priests of our tribe were afraid and counseled together, and they thought the strange man must be a witch or an evil spirit, and they brought arrows to shoot him; but in all my life there had never been such a glad time to me, for I knew it was Say-Len who stood above us, and when I told my people, their cries of fear were turned to such shouts of joy as were never before heard in Lost Pueblo.

Say-Len had a great rope with him, and he fastened it to the same crag on the mountain that the people had fastened the rope of clothes to in the old time; and when he had come down on his rope he left it tied to the crag, so that any one who would might use it to get out. I am the only one who ever climbed that rope, and it was so hard to climb, and so long was the way, that I was almost content to let go of it, and fall and die in the valley.

Say-Len came home at an evil time, and he found his people in great trouble. A rift had broken in the side of the high mountain where the springs were, and water was running into the valley faster than there was any way for it to get out. Already the lower maize fields were destroyed; in two moons it would surround the houses, and the oldest and wisest of all our people could not tell where this water came from.

When Say-Len had come down the mountain and was again among his own people, we saw that he bore the looks of a man who had borne a great grief. He greeted us, and then ran to the house of his own clan and caressed his mother, and then he sought out the maid that was dear to him and caressed her, and then he told the old men to call the people together and he would speak to them. I am an old man and a chief, and I have seen many years go into the past, but the speech of Say-Len was the strangest speech that I have ever heard in the days that I have lived.

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Say-Len told that his heart had failed him when he had reached the top of the snow mountain, and that he longed to return again to the valley, but could find no way. He rested on the top of the mountain, and then began to climb down on the other side, going down in the same way the people had climbed up six hundred years before. As he climbed down the mountain at first he came only to naked rocks and snow, but soon he came to small trees and then to flowers, as it was the time of spring, and then he was off the mountain and was in a great valley of sand that stretched away farther than the sight of his eyes could carry. He could see so much that he was afraid at first, but soon the sun came from behind a cloud and then he was not afraid; for the sun shone into the valley where he had lived his life; the sun was the home of the Father of his nation, and he knew it was good for him when the sun smiled upon him.

He then set out across the wide valley of sand to seek the old pueblo whence the forefathers of his forefathers journeyed six hundred years before. He journeyed six days and slept six nights, and on the seventh day he came to two long pieces of iron that stretched across all of the valley; and he knew not what they were for. He sat down by the pieces of iron to think, and men with white faces who were dressed in strange garments came over the iron, being drawn by a mighty thing that breathed out smoke and fire. He was not afraid, for the people who wear the headbands know not fear, and the men stopped their mighty thing and took Say-Len with them.

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Then they gave him strange food to eat and strange things to drink, but when he asked them of the pueblo he was seeking they shook their heads and did not understand. Say-Len did not understand the speech of the white-faced men, but they took him with them away to the North and away to the East, much farther than he thought the world ran. They took him to the great pueblos of their own people, and Say-Len has told me that such wonderful pueblos are known to no other nations except the blest ones who dwell in the bright pueblos of Shipapu. The white men taught Say-Len the language of their people, but he did not teach them his language nor tell them of the valley where his nation dwelt, so they knew not of what nation he was, and they called him a Pueblo Indian.

For five years Say-Len dwelt among the white-skinned people, and he told us many tales of the strange things he saw among them. He said the white-skinned people dwelt in a great land that stretched from the sunrise to the sunset, that their pueblos were of great size and of greater number than the numbers of the stars in the sky. He said that the people had wires that talked, wires that gave forth a greater light than is given by the sun, machines that draw loads, machines that do the work of men, and that they had more gold than the valley of Lost Pueblo would hold. But he said they were an unwise people and an unholy people, and he loved them not. They love gold so much that they seek it through all their lives, and will not even take time to stand on their housetops to pray. They have great riches, yet the poor people in the great pueblos die for the want of maize. The gods have blessed them in all ways, but they love not the gods and forget them in their seeking after gold. Say-Len said the simple life of his own people was nearer to the heart of God than was the life of the white nations; and he tore the strange clothes from his back, donned again the garb of his own people, took the maid who was dear to him for wife, and took up again with gladness the quiet life of his own people.

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Evil seemed to pursue Say-Len, the bravest son of Lost Pueblo, and the second day after he took his wife, even while the marriage dance was being celebrated, he was stricken down with a hideous plague, called by him the small-pox of the white-faced people; and in three days more he died, and his spirit joined the spirits of his fathers above. While he was yet being prayed across the bad land that lies between life and Shipapu, others were stricken with the plague, and soon it came about that the death wail was heard afresh in every hour. Death dwelt in our valley from that time on, and during the rising of forty moons the people of Lost Pueblo had all died, and my nation had faded from the face of the earth—all but me, who am an old man whose memories are full of sorrow, and who would be better dead.

I know not why I escaped the plague, unless it is that I am a wise shaman who fasted much and who am loved by those above. I stayed in the deserted valley of my birth and kept the sacred fire burning, and prayed for the souls of my people, until the waters from the rift had reached the houses; and then I climbed the rope that Say-Len had left hanging from the crag, and I came to the valley of sand and wandered to the iron road and across it until I came to this pueblo, which is a pueblo of the people of my own blood and whose forefathers were one with my forefathers more than six hundred years ago. Here I am welcome, although a stranger, and here will I dwell until my burden of years falls from me and I can join my people in the fair land of Shipapu—that bright land in the sun, where Po-so-Yemmo sits at the right hand of Yo-See, and where peace, and plenty, and joy, and freedom from sorrow and death, will be known throughout the countless years of an endless forever.

I am an old man, and my name is Hak-ki; my nation is gone from the face of the earth, the ancient home of my people is covered with the cruel waters, and there is no more joy for me in living. I am an alien in this pueblo, and it cheers me to talk with you, who are a white-faced man of the same nation that was known to Say-Len, and I tell you this tale because you have seen strange things, for you tell that the mighty waters that cover Lost Pueblo have also made a great water called the Salton Sea. I know not how you know of this, but I believe you speak in true words, for the great knowledge and the strange tales of your nation pass my understanding. I believe the strange tales you tell me; but I believe your own great people know no stranger tales than the one I have told you of my lost nation and of the Lost Pueblo where I was born.—From Tales of the Sunland by Verner Z. Reed, published by the Continental Publishing Co., New York.

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Romance of an Old Editor

A LIFE STORY IN A MANUSCRIPT

By Hallwell Sutcliffe

THE editor was unhappy. This was only as it should be; if he chose to be conscientious, it was fitting that he should pay the penalty attaching to all who divorce themselves from their species.

His eyes ached, and his head ached rather more; but it was a rule of his to put would-be contributors out of suspense as soon as possible, and the pile of MSS. had to be gone through within the week. You would scarcely have thought, to look at him, that he had once been young. He had, though; and, oldest of all, he was not forgetful of the fact when youth crossed his path. Cynicism and lack of enthusiasm, feigned or otherwise, were the only two youthful offenses he refused to condone; he preferred, indeed, a good heart to good writing, although, of course, he liked best of all to see the two happily united.

Poor man! He had already scrawled "Refused," in his own particular shorthand, on the title pages of five stories, and it had hurt him a good deal, because in each he had found promise of some kind. He took up the sixth with a tired air. It was entitled "His Sacrifice," and the editor forgot to be tired as he turned the pages with interest.

"Extraordinary!" he murmured. "That bit of garden-work is done in a masterly way—every line sketched in with tender vigor, every word ringing true. It must be the same. The guelder-roses overhanging the river, the white and purple lilacs above the old gray garden wall—what a fiend we used to have, she and I, with the youngsters who plucked the blossoms from the other side!—the yew-trees, cut in the quaint old fashion, the box-bordered paths. Then the great yellow lilies that grew just this side the orchard—it must be our garden. Why, the very song she used to sing so often is here!"

The editor paused. He wiped his spectacles, and then he made a furtive dab at his eyes, under pretense that the two were one and the same operation. Not for twenty years had he seen this old-world garden so vividly as now; a subtle perfume of lilac and mignonette, lady's-love and lavender, stole into the grime-beleaguered editorial den. The drab wall of the opposite building became covered with trails of faintly nodding blush roses; its uncleaned windows took to themselves curtains of white dimity, from between the folds of which a brown-haired maiden looked, in the act of throwing a laughing flower at some one below the window.

The bell of St. Paul's was giving tongue hard by, but the editor did not hear it—he was listening to the curfew, ringing out peacefully amid the summer evening quiet. This village of his retrospect had ever been too sleepy to forego old habits, and the curfew rang a welcome lullaby to its gray forgetfulness. Hand in hand they wandered, the brown-haired little lady and the far-off previous incarnation of the editor—hand in hand, with the sweet simplicity of a ballad of pre-degenerate days. How cool she was! How dainty, with that subtle lavender fragrance all about her! Was ever man so blessed beyond all hope of merit?

The editor awoke with a start, again remonstrating with his eyes, rustled the MS. in a businesslike manner, readjusted his spectacles, and read straight on until he reached the end of the story. He then rose from his desk and paced about the room, the quaintest mixture of surprise, trouble and childish expectation on his face.

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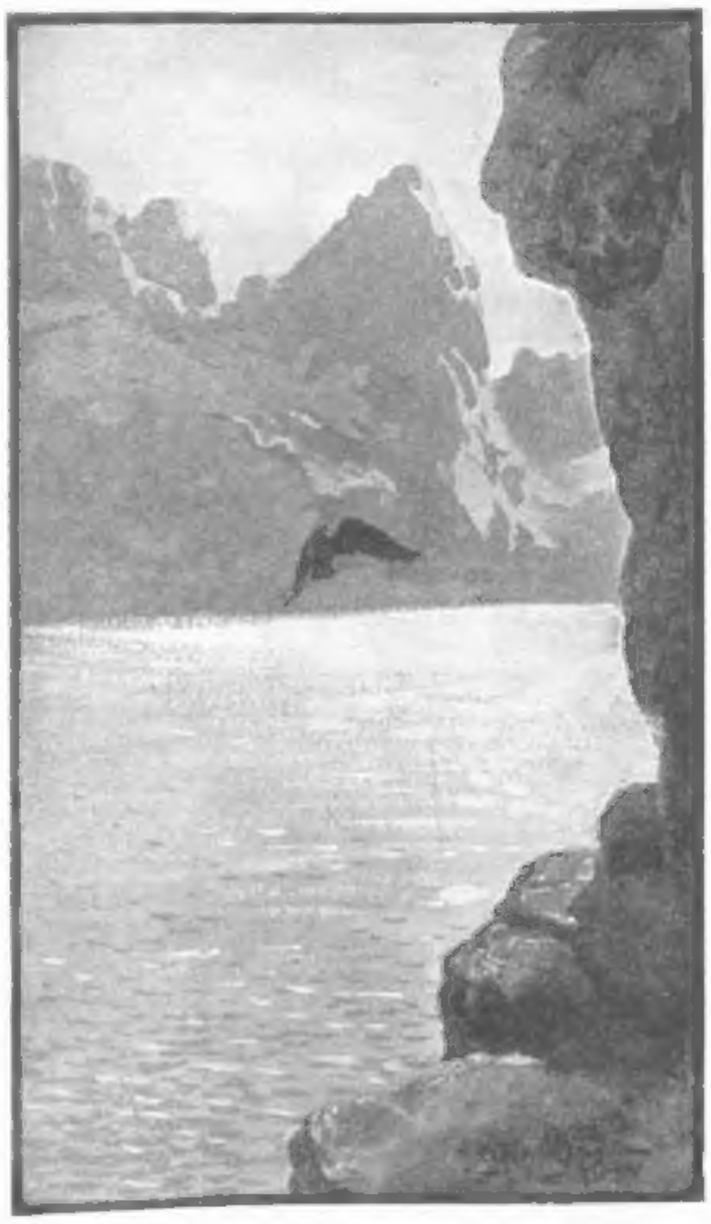
"Singular—singular!" he muttered. "Is it my story, from the other point of view, or is it just a piece of independent literature?"

He turned to the desk again and glanced eagerly at the MS.; but the author's name on the back stirred no memory within him, and the address was just Number Something in Bloomsbury. So the editor, in his impulsive way, wrote and asked the author to dine with him the next evening, in order that they might discuss the very interesting story which he had just read. It was not a strictly editorial thing to do, but then it has been explained that the editor was in no wise editorial—nor, on the other hand, does every MS. reach its destination with a very perceptible scent of literary lavender about it.

Candidly, the style of this story was its strong point; the plot was old and weather-beaten, and scarcely could even a firm literary touch prop up its tottering limbs. A man and a maid—a garden—a bolt of jealousy from the blue of tender extravagancies—a rifted lute—separation—the fault of both, or neither—a wifeless establishment on one hand, and a husbandless home on the other, on into gray hairs, and thence into the six-feet-by-three which shelves all such problems for the weary victims.

That was the plot; but the details rang strangely true, and the brown-haired heroine contrived to be charming in quite a breezy, unaccustomed way. Perhaps the editor's judgment was not so very much adrift, after all, though it was his own life-story upon which the judgment was delivered. A man is apt to look peculiarly upon his own life-story; that is the worst of life, the actual, and the strong point of literature, the theoretical, with all of us.

Well, they dined together, the editor and the sender of the unsolicited MS., at a notable little tavern in the neighborhood of Fleet Street. The author proved to be just as young as the editor was old. He was charming in his youthfulness; no belief seemed to be too out-of-the-way for his hot-headed optimism. He did not even stop this side of utter faith in women. Not that he talked much of his ideals to the editor; the latter inferred them from remarks dropped here and there, and his heart warmed to this boy who knew so exactly how to put his fingers on the pulse of an old-world garden.



DRAWN BY L. MAYNARD DIXON

"THE MIGHTY WATERS THAT COVER LOST PUEBLO"

"I liked your story very much," said the editor cautiously, toward the end of dinner. "The plot—ah!—the plot was a good one."

The boy blushed, and smiled with a babe-like geniality into the editorial eye.

"You are very kind," he murmured, "and too anxious about hurting my feelings, I fear. I am not a bit sensitive in the matter of the plot. Honestly, you know, I think it is a trifle stodgy—the sort of plot our grandmothers reveled in. But it was told me—the story, I mean—by some one who was very anxious that I should make use of it."

The editor leaned eagerly across the table.

"Was it?" he asked.

"Yes. I am not breaking faith by telling you about it, as you can't possibly know my aunt. My aunt lives in Devonshire, in the lilac and lavender garden I described, and she is just the dearest old maid you ever saw."

"She was young once," murmured the editor. "I think she can never be an old maid to me. Yes; go on. You are sure she is not married yet—that she is free?"

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The boy glanced at the editor in surprise. "Why, no; an aristocratic Persian cat, a parrot, and myself divide her affections between us, in the ratios of three, two, one. She is awfully proud of me and anxious to help me on, and one evening she gave me the story I sent you. I would much rather have put some modern people into that garden—contrast, you know—but the dear old lady seemed bent on her idea, and my stuff with poetic plots didn't get taken, somehow, by the magazines. The public will have its stories commonplace; that's the worst of it."

"Possibly the public is not very far wrong," said the editor softly, smiling at the perfect ingenuousness of the boy. "You see, things that happen every day are sure to touch people in their tender places. Was it—er—have you any reason for supposing that—that it was her own life-story your aunt was telling?"

"I am sure of it. We had come to the yellow lilies just as we finished, and she stopped opposite them. 'And that is why I was never married, my dear,' she said. 'It does seem a pity—doesn't it?—that we all play at cross-purposes as we do?'"

The editor rose from the table and walked about the room in a state bordering on frenzy.

"Then you mean to say my—I mean, the hero's sacrifice counted for nothing at all? He went away for good because he thought she cared for the other man and that it would make her way smoother. And all the time she was in love with him?"

The boy could not understand this elderly eccentric. "She did," he assented, doubtfully.

"Then, my young friend," cried the editor, "you have the privilege of meeting the biggest fool in London. Is there a train down to Devonshire to-night?"

His hat was already on his head, and he was groping chaotically for his umbrella.

A light broke in upon the boy; he beamed on his companion in a way that was refreshing. "I believe that there is a midnight train. Aunt will be awfully glad to meet you again. Shall I come to see you off?"

"Come with me," said the editor; "you must introduce us afresh."

He was at the door by this time. The boy, before many minutes had passed, found himself being whirled along Fleet Street in a hansom. The editor was struck with the sanity of the idea of filling public conveyances with lavender.

And "His Sacrifice" became a mere matter of print.—The Speaker.

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Protest Against Christening Ships

THE protest made by Bishop Nicholson, of Wisconsin, says the Boston Herald, against the practice of christening warships as an act of sacrilege, is one which would have greater force if it did not run counter to a custom that has been in use, both in this country and in Europe, for a good many years past. The sin of sacrilege depends a good deal upon the underlying motive. It is not so much the act itself as the spirit which prompts the act, and in the act under consideration we doubt very much whether it ever suggested itself to the mind of any one taking part or witnessing the launching of a warship under such conditions that the christening of a vessel was a parody on one of the sacraments of the church.

It may be a somewhat foolish procedure, so far as any significance is concerned, but to assume that it will bring down Divine wrath, and that the vessel thus treated will suffer the consequence, is clearly to attribute to the Almighty an inability to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty, and a propensity to rest His judgment on human prejudices, which is a belittling of Divine Omniscience that in itself might well be termed a sacrilegious contraction of the All-Knowing Power.

The Japanese method of releasing a dove at the time that a vessel is launched is a substitute for our process of christening which may to many minds seem a more appropriate ceremony. If, as most Americans hope, our Government ships or war vessels are to be used in the maintenance of peace rather than in the prosecution of war, then the use of the dove as an emblem may possibly be more appropriate than the use of the traditional bottle of wine.

The Song of the Drum

DO YOU hear my summons hammer thro' the crackle and the clamor?
Do you feel my throb and thrill?
When I meet the smell of powder, oh, my merry note grows louder,
And my song shall not be still.
Follow, each beside his fellow, 'neath the vapors gray and yellow,
Wildly cheering, sternly dumb,
And rumble, rumble, rumble, when the smoke wreaths toss and tumble,
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!

Men forget their fears and follies as they face the blinding volleys,
And the young recruits they come,
With their simple, sunburnt faces, from the quiet country places,
To the call of me, the drum.
Come, plow boy, lad and carter, and your life-blood freely barter
For the bullet sure for some,
And rattle, rattle, rattle, through the din and roar of battle,
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!

When the boys that follow fast there drop aside and fall at last there,
From the surging lines of red,
Then no more of pomp and ruffle; my notes awhile I muffle;
And I moan and mourn the dead.
But the losing battle needs me, and the whistling bullets speed me;
Through the reeling ranks I come,
And clatter, clatter, clatter, where the broken regiments scatter,
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!—Pall Mall Gazette.

With the Pioneers of Nihilism

SAVING RUSSIA'S GREATEST POEM FROM OBLIVION

By Fred. Whishaw

ONE cold night in the autumn of 1847 a party of fifteen young men, ranging in age from about twenty years to thirty-five, sat round a scantily furnished room up four flights of dark and evil-smelling stairs in a house in St. Petersburg. There were not nearly enough chairs for all, but those who were not accommodated with four-legged stools made themselves equally comfortable by lounging upon seats with no legs at all, such as the floor, Platonof's trunk, and so on.

They were engaged in a curious occupation. Seated at a table, upon which lay an open bundle of manuscript, was a dreamy youth of twenty-four or so, one Dostoiefsky, the author of the manuscript aforesaid, whose pages were turned over at intervals. Half lying upon the floor, with his back against the stove, reclined Petrachefsky, the President, reciting very dramatically, from memory, what appeared to be the contents of the MS.; for Dostoiefsky at the table followed the recitation, turning over the pages as the reciter glibly finished each in turn.

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But at last Petrachefsky hesitated, paused, added tentatively a few words, and stopped. "No," he said, "I'm stuck; I should know it if you prompted me, but that's not the point."

"Who volunteers to go on?" asked the author at the table.

"I," cried a dozen voices at once, and immediately a second reciter took up the tale, running correctly through several pages. It was in the midst of his recitation that Dostoiefsky held up his hand.

"Stop a minute, Platonof," he said, "I hear a tramping in the street—it may be the gendarmes."

Platonof rushed to the window, which was a projecting one and permitted the road beneath to be clearly seen.

"You are right, Fedia," he muttered a moment later, turning a white face toward the room. "It is a squad of gendarmes."

"What of the papers, Platonof?" said Petrachefsky. "Are they all in order? Answer quickly."

"There's nothing but this one letter from Tugof, received to-day," said Platonof. "It is rather strong—what shall I do with it?"

"Give it to me, quickly," said Petrachefsky. He snatched the letter, tore it rapidly in tiny pieces, and placed the scraps upon the table. "There," he added, "help yourselves, lads—each eat one and swallow it; don't choke, help it down with the vodka; put the bottle on the table, Fedia. So."

Each youth quickly swallowed his morsel of paper, and half a dozen of them consumed two pieces; the vodka washed the curious meal down. The whole letter had disappeared. Petrachefsky laughed.

"There," he said, "that was well and expeditiously done. Let them scent it out if they can. But they'll have your book, Fedia; can you bear to part with it?"

Dostoiefsky unexpectedly burst into tears. He seized the MS. and hugged it to his breast. "I love it! I love it!" he cried; "I cannot bear to let them have it."

"But, my poor Fedia," said Petrachefsky, kindly laying his hand upon the distressed youth's shoulder, "you have seen that we all have it by heart, practically speaking, and if one forgets a dozen others instantly remember. Your splendid work shall never be lost; it is only the soiled paper that these bloodhounds can rob us of; the poem, every word of it, is imperishably committed to our hearts; let them send us whither they will, we shall not forget it; dear Russia shall not lose your work—is it not so, brothers?"

"It is so, it is true; we will never forget one word of it, Fedia," cried every man in the room. Petrachefsky nodded approvingly. "Listen now," he said, "it shall be told in the coming time how that fifteen young patriots, the pioneers of progress and needed reform, preserved to Russia this poem, which shall for centuries be her glory, and our names shall go down to posterity with yours, my Fedia, because of this thing. Be comforted, it shall be as I say."

Dostoiefsky kissed the MS. and threw it down upon the table; he dashed away his tears and the President's hand.

"You see, Fedia," began Petrachefsky, but Platonof at the window interrupted him.

"Hush!" he said, "they have entered the front door; the *dvornik* (yard porter) let them in without warning us; how did he know we are prepared?"

"Listen, they are coming up the stairs!" whispered some one. "What shall we do, Petrachefsky?"

"Let them come," said the President. "What care we?"

As a matter of fact, whether Petrachefsky and the rest cared or not mattered little, for the gendarmes had practically arrived, and there was no way either to escape or to keep them out. The heavy tramping of a considerable body of men, who tripped and stumbled in the dark stairway, and swore loudly at the vileness of the approach, came nearer each moment, and in a minute or two Platonof's door was loudly thumped from without. Then the leading gendarme—an officer—not waiting to be invited to enter, pushed the door open and came in.

"Ah!" he muttered, smiling amiably; "the whole hornet's nest—or near it! Good evening, gentlemen; are you armed?"

"Armed!" said Petrachefsky, bitterly; "certainly not! we leave brute force to the Czar and his servants."

"Good!" said the officer, "and the wiser you, for they are the stronger; search them, nevertheless, Petka, and you, Vainka, but cautiously; the rest of you overhaul the room, keeping one eye upon the suspects meanwhile, lest they fall upon Petka and Vainka. Seize every written or printed paper, and shoot any one who interferes with you in the execution of your duty."

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Those who were deputed to search for weapons and papers did their work quickly and thoroughly. Amid jeers and laughter from the suspects they discovered a few old accounts, some obviously innocent letters from relatives, and so on, and threw all their treasure-trove upon the table. Platonof's desk was broken open, and every paper examined and collected; twenty-five rubles in notes were found, and these were annexed likewise.

"Look in the stove and up the chimney, you, Vainka!" cried the officer. "They heard us coming!" But neither stove nor chimney yielded any fish worth the angling for.

"It doesn't matter," said the officer genially; "there is plenty without. Oh, how cold it is here, Petka; light the stove—there are matches, and here's paper."

He took the precious manuscript—the poem which was to be Russia's pride and glory for centuries—and tossed it into the stove's mouth.

"Which of you is Mr. Dostoiefsky," he continued, "the author of this precious poem?"

Dostoiefsky, very pale, but firm, stepped out. "Well?" he said.

The officer bowed and smiled.

"You will pardon my freedom with this charming work of yours, Mr. Dostoiefsky? It is better for all parties that it should burn, believe me; the work is full of talent, but—if I may be so bold—misplaced and misapplied talent. I——"

"Excuse me," interrupted poor Fedia, "but were you sent to lecture me upon a matter as to which you cannot possibly have any knowledge?"

"Oh—oh—nothing!" laughed the gendarme. "See here—do you recognize these lines?" and the fellow quoted with perfect correctness half a stanza of the burning MS., reciting, as a matter of fact, perhaps the most revolutionary sentence in the poem. Dostoiefsky started as he heard his own lines quoted, and grew, if possible, a shade paler. Petrachefsky flushed red, and stepped out to take a look around the room.

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"Who is absent?" he said. "Any one besides Tugof? No? Then it must have been Tugof, and may all the saints persecute him, both in this life and hereafter, for the villain has betrayed us!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" laughed the officer; "uncurse the poor fellow; he really had no alternative, under the circumstances. Fie, fie, Mr. Petrachefsky! The knout is a wonderful refresher of memories. Tugof remembered the greater part of the poem, believe me, and a rare treat he gave us. Now, gentlemen, if you will kindly reply to your names: Petrachefsky," he continued, reading from a list in his hand. "Say 'here,' please, Mr. Petrachefsky."

"You see I am here," said the latter.

"Very well. Platonof—Dostoiefsky—I know most of you; if the rest refuse to answer to their names they do so at their own risk; for if any person present should afterward prove to be other than one of those on this list, he will have been arrested as though he were actually a delinquent, and he will not be released."

"Arrested?" repeated half a dozen voices; "what for?"

"For sedition and publishing revolutionary matter, and for belonging to an illegal secret society."

"Oh! very well, arrest us; only prove your accusations if you can do so!" cried Petrachefsky; "you will find it difficult."

"The knout proves all things," said the gendarme. "Now, answer your names or not, as you please."

Not a man answered as the official read the fifteen names from his list, though two or three were pale as death and near to fainting; and when he had finished, the gendarmes, at a sign, presented arms.

"Follow me, gentlemen," said the officer, and down the dark stairs and out into the night marched the little band of suspects, the armed guard bringing up the rear.

Then, for many weeks, within the precincts of the fortress, wherein the whole party were confined, were held investigations and inquiries, having for their object the conviction of this band of youths of various offenses against the State. A few of them were, as a matter of fact, somewhat dangerous characters—the pioneers, it may be said, of the more advanced section of the Revolutionists of to-day; and these few had certainly been guilty, if it could have been proved against them, of menacing utterances against the Czar and his government. But the majority of the pioneers were mere dreamers—harmless young humanitarians who spoke, and wrote, and sang songs about universal brotherhood and the desired emancipation of the serfs, and so on.

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All this would form no very serious indictment in these days, but at that time, long before the latter-day Nihilists were known or existent, it was sufficient to condemn a man in the eyes of the tyrant Nicholas and his myrmidons, who would have no Russian call his soul his own. Consequently, one winter's day, the examinations having been finished, and a military tribune having considered the case—without troubling the suspects to appear before them—and passed judgment upon them, the delinquents were driven out to the square known as the "Semeónofsky Plain," to hear the sentence read.

There were thirty-two criminals in all, the number including those connected with Petrachefsky's "conspiracy," as it pleased the authorities to call it, and a second party of similar character, and among these appeared, at Semeónofsky Plain, poor Tugof, more dead than alive with shame, because this was the first time he had met his associates since his extorted confessions had assisted the authorities to convict them. His evidence for the prosecution had done him no good, moreover, for here he was now among the convicted, brought in with the rest to hear the general sentence read out.

The unfortunate prisoners had been stripped, in spite of the cold, to the shirt and trousers "to hear the sentence," just as though their sheepskin overcoats would have interfered with their sense of hearing.

"There's Tugof," said Petrachefsky. "But for him your book, at any rate, Dostoiefsky, and perhaps our liberty, might have remained at the service of our country instead of both being sacrificed."

"I care nothing for the book," said Dostoiefsky, "for, thanks to you, dear fellows, my poem is safe; but I wish they would read the sentence and give us our overcoats; half an hour of this will make a chattering idiot of me."

"As for Tugof, he looks more dead than alive!" said Mourof. "I have once tasted the knout myself, and I felt then that I would deliver over to the demon who swung it all I held most dear, if only I might be spared one stroke of it; we must not blame him too much."

Apparently, however, some of the prisoners differed from Mourof in their opinion on this point, for there was a sudden shout and a scuffle, and it was seen that Gregóritch, one of the convicts, had thrown himself savagely upon Tugof and borne him to the ground, while he strove fiercely to choke the poor fellow as he lay. A dozen guards instantly fell upon the combatants, but so savagely had Gregóritch wound his fingers round the throat of the other that the guards found it impossible to unclasp them.

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"Stand back all," shouted the officer. "I shall soon put an end to this brawling. Out of the way, there. What! is the course of justice to be impeded? Stand back, I say!"

He raised his pistol as he spoke. Those who had surrounded the combatants scrambled out of the way hurriedly, but Gregóritch paid no heed; his eyes, ablaze with the craze of vengeance, were fixed, like a wolf's, upon his prey. There was a loud report. Dostoiefsky shuddered and looked away. Gregóritch stiffened as he knelt over his victim and then fell forward, but without loosening his grip, and presently it was found necessary to carrry away the two men together, the dead and the dying.

So, shocked and saddened by this episode, the rest of the unfortunate band waited until it should please their judges to arrive and acquaint them with their doom. Some workmen were busy in a corner of the great square knocking large posts into the ground.

"What is it they are making?" men asked one another, but no one could guess, though it was agreed that it could not, in any case, have anything to do with themselves.

Dreamy, intense Dostoiefsky was busily occupied at this time in relating to his nearest neighbor the plot of a novel which he had thought out while in prison. The listener became rapt and absorbed in the story. "It is splendid, Fedia," he muttered. "You will be another Gógol."

"Remember it, dear Vainka," said Dostoiefsky, "and if I die in prison, as I probably shall, write it up in our joint names."

"I will try my best, I swear it," said the other, "but I shall never do it justice; live, Fedia, and become great, the greatest of Russians!"

The words were prophetic, for in after years this novel was written and helped to raise its author to that pinnacle of greatness, in Russia, which he shares with Gógol, Pushkin, Turgénef, and Tolstoi. But a great rumbling of wheels interrupted the conversation, and a huge van was now driven upon the ground laden with long deal boxes. The van passed close to the group of condemned men and drew up alongside the place where the workmen were just finishing the business of knocking in their posts.

"Vainka, did you see that?" muttered Dostoiefsky; "they are coffins—thirty-two of them. They surely do not intend to murder every man of us?"

"Oh, they dare not!" said Vainka, white as paper.

Petrachefsky, pale, but courageous, walked among his fellow "conspirators." "Boys," he said, "those coffins are for us—we are to be murdered; but let us show a bold front. We die for Russia."

Five minutes later the judges arrived and the sentence was read out, when it appeared that Petrachefsky's grewsome conclusion was only too correct—they were to be shot ruthlessly, every man of them.

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Four posts had been set in position, and to these were lashed four of the ringleaders, Petrachefsky, of course, being among them. A firing party now took its stand in front, and the officer had already pronounced the sentences, "Present arms" and "Shoulder arms," and was on the point of issuing the fatal command to fire, when an aide-de-camp among the group of judges and military grandees standing close by lazily waved his hand.

Luckily the officer observed the gesture; he approached the aide-de-camp.

"The prisoners are reprieved," drawled the latter; "there is a revised sentence. For this undeserved mercy they must thank the clemency of His Imperial Majesty."

The "clemency" had arrived a little too late for one of the reprieved, however, for when the poor fellow, laughing and shrieking in turn, was unbound from his post it was found that those terrible moments of suspense had made a raving lunatic of him.

Dostoiefsky received one of the lighter sentences, being condemned to four years' agricultural labor in Siberia, to be followed by enforced conscription as a private. Thus this poet and genius was condemned to spend forty-eight long months among the scum of the criminal population on a Siberian farm, and afterward to serve with the colors until, at the accession of kindly Alexander II, he was restored to freedom and to the enjoyment of his literary talent.

Many of Dostoiefsky's finest ideas and plots, and not a few whole scenes, had been intrusted, during his years of captivity, to the memory of his fellows, among whom it was considered a point of honor and of duty to the Fatherland to recollect religiously and accurately every word that Dostoiefsky, their beloved poet and novelist, produced at this time and intrusted to their keeping, pencil and paper being forbidden luxuries to him on account of his well-known influence upon all people who read his patriotic words.

Within a couple of years Dostoiefsky gained that place in the great heart of the people which he holds to this day, the darling of the poorer classes, and especially of the injured, the oppressed and the discontented. Moreover, he had done his work as one of the fathers of reform in Russia, and for the comparative freedom which the Press has enjoyed from this time forward his countrymen must chiefly thank this favorite writer.—Windsor Magazine.

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A Touch of Nature

By Madeline S. Bridges

FATHER (winding the clock): "Time to lock up now. It's nearly ten o'clock."

Mother: "Oh, don't hurry, father."

Father: "Don't hurry? We ought to be asleep by this time, considering we've got to be at the haying by sun-up to-morrow. Are the boys and girls in bed?"

Mother: "Oh, all but Ida, she's at the gate. She's been down to singing-class."

Father: "Well, why doesn't she——"

Mother: "Sh—sh—they'll hear you. There's a young man with her."

Father: "A young man? Who?"

Mother: "Isaac Penn came up with her."

Father: "I should think her brothers would be company enough."

Mother (dryly): "Should you?"

Father: "And if a young man does walk up with her he needn't stand three hours at the gate."

Mother: "He hasn't been there ten minutes."

Father (severely): "He has no business to be there any minutes. Why doesn't he know enough to say good-night and go?"

Mother: "Ephraim, wasn't there ever a young fellow that used to walk home with me from singing, and hang over the gate till all hours, especially a night like this?"

Father: "That was different. You were woman-big. Ida's nothing but a child."

Mother: "Well, she's a whole year older than I was when you——"

Father (hastily): "And, besides, er—ah—I was dead in love."

Mother (quietly): "How do you know that Isaac ain't?"

Father: "Mother, I'm surprised at you putting up with such nonsense about Ida. Time enough for her to keep company five years from now."

Mother (approvingly): "Of course it is, and it's time enough now, if the right one comes along. Isaac is good and steady."

Father (firmly): "Well, I won't have it, that's all. Call her in. It's bedtime."

Mother: "Ephraim, you don't suppose I would do such a thing as that?"

Father (with sternness): "Neelie, it's your duty."

Mother (with spirit): "It isn't my duty to insult my daughter. My mother never did it to me."

Father (half smiling): "She never had to; you wouldn't let me stay so long."

Mother: "Oh, I wouldn't let you stay——"

Father: "And no sensible fellow would want to stay."

Mother: "You were a sensible fellow."

Father: "I couldn't be sensible with you, Neelie; you just turned my head."

Mother (softly): "Well, they were pleasant times. I love to remember them."

Father: "Ye—es. I don't know as any one ever had a pleasanter courtship."

Mother: "But you were mighty jealous."

Father (musingly): "Was I? I suppose I was. I know there seemed to be always some one trying to cut me out."

Mother: "Do you remember the night at Lucy Crumm's wedding, when you sat and sulked all evening in a corner?"

Father: "And that big student fellow from New Haven was shinning up to you? But I walked home with you, after all."

Mother: "I guess you did! And how you scolded! We stood at the gate until the moon rose—the little silver half-moon."

Father: "And you cried, and we made it all up."

Mother: "And the next day you wrote me a letter"—(the gate clicks)—"Oh, there comes Ida."

(Enter Ida, smiling, radiant.)

Ida: "It's the loveliest night! Just a sin to go to bed."

Father (smiling also): "Well, Ida, dismissed your company, have you?"

Ida (demurely): "Isaac? Oh, yes."

Father: "What a shame to send him off so early."

Mother: "Ida knows what to do."

Father: "But Isaac don't. I'm blest if any girl could hustle me like that when I was Isaac's age!"

Uncle Joseph's Wooing

THE STORY OF A QUAKER COURTSHIP

By Sarah H. Gardner

ONE of the prominent figures in our meeting-house for many years was that of Uncle Joseph—for thus was he known by the young and old who frequented our religious gatherings.

He occupied the second seat in the men's gallery, and it was with him that the Elder shook hands in sign that Friends should separate, when it seemed likely that the spirit would move no others to utter gentle words of blessing or stern warning.

He was a comely man, straight and tall, his smooth-shaven face beaming with good nature, and his soft blue eye lighted with sympathy, but he was not intellectual. Slow of movement and uncertain in expression, his hearers were often troubled to follow his excellent thought, and it was no uncommon thing for my parents to refer to his ministrations as being "labored." We had a consciousness that he was uncommonly well-to-do, and also that there was considerable feeling in the society that Sarah Sidney, with her clear insight and facile speech, would be a fit life companion for the good man. But time wore on and there seemed no likelihood of a realization of this desire.

I can remember one occasion when the subject really assumed the importance that is usually given to gossip, but it was so lovingly and conscientiously touched upon that I was greatly impressed.

My father and mother were in the way of inviting many friends to dine with them on monthly meeting day. Quarterly meeting brought even more persons from a distance, and among the children little unaccustomed duties were distributed. I was frequently desired to remain for a time in the front chamber and assist our women visitors in removing their wraps and adjusting the cap crowns that often met with disaster beneath the stiff bonnets. It was always a pleasurable duty, for Friends never forget the young, and as each one grasped my little palm she did not neglect to speak an encouraging word of attention to me.

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On the occasion to which I have referred, meeting broke up somewhat later than usual. I hurried home, warmed my chilled fingers, and ran upstairs, where a bright fire was burning on the hearth. I glanced about to see that the wood-box was full, and looked out of the window, where my eye rested upon a short line of carriages all bent in the direction of our home. First came father and mother, grandfather and the three younger children; then a vehicle well known to me as that of Elias Chase from Derry Quarter; and thus I counted them off as they drew up beside the horse-block.

I missed Sarah Sidney, who generally came with Theophilus Baldwin's family, and having seen her placid face in its usual place on the seat beneath the gallery, fronting the meeting. She was tenderly attached to mother, and I could not believe any light matter would take her to another's table.

A gentle voice called me to my duties:

"Why, Katherine, dear, thee must have been very spry to get home before us. I was pleased to see thy interest in meeting."

The good woman kissed me and thanked me for the little aid I was able to give in unpinning her shawl. Directly afterward, sweet Jane Spencer came tripping up the stairs. She was frequently spoken of as exhibiting "overmuch ardor" but we children loved the enthusiastic little woman.

"Oh, Katherine, I am glad to make use of thy quick fingers. My cap strings are sadly awry. I have been most uncomfortable in them all through meeting."

One and another arrived, each with a thought of me. "How thee grows, child," or "Thy mother is blessed in her little helpers." The room was well-nigh full, when some one asked the question that had been trembling on my lips:

"Where is Sarah Sidney?"

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No one directly replied, but after a moment's reflection nearly all had a suggestion or a little interest in her to express.

"Methought her face bore traces of anxiety this morning. I trust she has met with no further financial disaster. Thee knows, Rhoda, she is benevolent to a surprising degree in one whose purse is not lengthy, and it is therefore a serious matter to be forced to curtail in her giving."

"Sarah is too true a follower of the Great Teacher to be long afflicted by the things of this world," replied an aged friend.

Presently Jane Spencer sighed: "I cannot help wishing that Uncle Joseph would recognize that the hand of the Lord is pointing him to Sarah Sidney."

"If such be the will of our Heavenly Father I doubt not it will be revealed in due time," and Hannah spoke with great deliberation.

"That is quite true, and undoubtedly it is only those among us who are a trifle worldly-minded that show a disposition to hasten these things." Jane Spencer was always very meek under reproof, and I felt glad that others sustained her desire that Uncle Joseph should be a little less deliberate.

"I can hardly think that he realizes Sarah's worth," said a late comer.

"On the contrary"—it was Rhoda Longstreet's voice—"I am sometimes inclined to believe that his doubt rests upon his own merit. If he were of the world's people I should say he was bashful."

"Thee may be right," responded Jane Spencer. "If so, I can only wish somebody would give him a hint, for I really believe Sarah has perceived their true relationship, and that her spirit is troubled since no sign is given unto her."

"Ah," interrupted Hannah, "shall we never learn the great lesson that God does not wish us to call upon Him for signs?"

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Now it had chanced, although none of those present were at that time conscious of it, that Sarah Sidney had given up her seat in a friend's carriage to a person who was suffering from a weak limb, and had walked along the frozen road toward our house.

Uncle Joseph, too, had chosen to leave his vehicle at home, and seeing in the distance a familiar, plump little figure, he made haste to overtake her.

For a few moments they talked together of the lesser things of life; then they fell into silence, which was at last broken by Uncle Joseph's voice.

"My mind has dwelt much to-day upon the Bible teaching of the relation of Ruth and Boaz."

I am sure the throbbing heart beneath the clear muslin 'kerchief of Sarah Sidney must have bounded a little at this. He went on: "Has thee ever thought it over and applied the test to our own lives?"

It certainly was not strange that the good woman hesitated before she answered:

"If thee means to ask whether it has been shown to me that I am chosen of the Lord to be thy companion, I will admit that it has; but, Joseph, thee is not an old man, nor am I a young handmaiden."

Uncle Joseph stopped short in his walk, and catching a frightened look upon the honest face beside him, he gravely said:

"It was not upon that relation my mind ran. I thought rather of the increased duty in this day and generation which must belong to the husbandman and his gleaners, or, in other words, the responsibility of him upon whom the benefits of this world have been showered, and the loud call ever sounding in my ear to extend help to those who need; and it has been whispered to me that thy material goods have been slipping from thee, and—and I wished many times in these past weeks that I might make bold to offer my aid."

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Could one marvel if a feeling of faintness crept over the gentle Sarah, or that a beseeching look set the seal upon the awful stillness that followed? Her face grew first scarlet, then very, very white. Uncle Joseph's voice sounded strangely in her ear. She feared she should fall, but as the tones grew clearer something else impressed her.

"Sarah, thee has a more receptive spirit than my own. I have sometimes longed to see aright in regard to the formation of a closer bond with thee, and I rejoice that through my own ill-chosen speech thee has been led to point the way."

He took her trembling hands between his own, and smiled down upon the sweet but tearful face; then her lips were opened, the pain went forever out of her heart, and she whispered only: "Dear Joseph."

But her trial was not quite over. We were already summoned to the dining-room when Uncle Joseph and Sarah Sidney entered the door together. I glanced about me, and was certain that I saw more than one look of satisfaction exchanged.

The moment of silent blessing was past. My mother moved as if to begin serving the soup, but she caught Uncle Joseph's eye and awaited his slow words:

"Dear friends," he said, with a little tremor in his voice, "rejoice with me, for to-day has our beloved Sarah Sidney revealed to me the message that the Lord has given into her keeping."

He paused, and with a flush brightening her soft cheeks Sarah asked calmly: "Joseph, will thee kindly explain thyself?"

I never knew him to do anything so well as he now related to us the manner in which he had obtained an insight into the secret knowledge of Sarah Sidney's heart.

As he ceased speaking her own rhythmic tones filled the room in tender thanksgiving to the Lord for His gift of companionship, and this has evermore remained in my memory as the most beautiful and fervent supplication I have been privileged to hear.—From Quaker Idyls, published by Henry Holt and Co.

Memories of Fannie

By Edwin Arnold

THEY never will read it, in this sad face,
How I came at last to my lady's grace;
If they saw my heart they would hardly know,
It lies so close and lurks so low.

So womanly went she, so gladsome and good,
The charm of her never was understood;
Till I—for whom was the secret fine—
Found her, and wooed her, and won her for mine.

She knows—she only! how slow and sweet
My love grew up from the palms of her feet,
From low at her foot to high on her brow,
From Dear—and Dearer—to Dearest—till now.

There is none of her—none—that I may not love,
Beauty of earth, or bright spirit above;
But only the angels and Fannie know
Why, living and dying, I love her so.—Poems

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Visiting the Old Home

A RICH MAN'S STORY

"HELLO, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied: "I've been home to see my old father and mother, for the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed one day of that visit for all my fortune—nor much more."

"Kind o' good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"Yes. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few minutes to spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen to the story of a rich man who, in the chase for wealth, had almost forgotten his father and mother."

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They sat down and the man told his story:

"How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had had a lunch put up for me, and you can imagine my astonishment, when I opened the hamper, to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of the little, patent-inside country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. It made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

"In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had quarreled with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to become rich drove the thought of my parents from me, and when I thought of them the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom.

"Well, I went home. I tell you, John, my train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a schoolboy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes, and, upon my word, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but—Great Scott! what were all the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the station, passing many houses, of which only an occasional one was familiar.

"The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins.' He stared at me and replied: 'You've got the best of me, sir. Who are you?'

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"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York. Said he, 'It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living!'

"I tell you, John, it made me feel bad. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me one thousand dollars by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old cheap suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft one, took my valise in my hand and went home.

"Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front yard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller, somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said, 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'

"It didn't take me a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over her eyeglasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her, and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and, with a great sob, she threw herself upon me and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying, 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy! My dear boy, Jimmy!'

"Then I cried, too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted, 'George!'

"Father called from the depths of the kitchen, 'What do you want, Car'line?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said sternly, 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave?'

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper-time came, and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen.

"'Where do you live, Jimmy?' she asked.

"'In New York,' I replied.

"'What are you working at now, Jimmy?'

"'I'm working in a dry-goods store.'

"'Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear of city clerks who don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've nothing but roast spareribs for supper. We haven't any money now, Jimmy. We're really poorer than Job's turkey.'

"I told her I would be delighted with the spareribs; and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meat in New York that tasted as good as those crisp-roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it.

"The mortgage was due inside of a week, and not a cent to meet it with—just eight hundred dollars. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home; but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last nine o'clock came and father said: 'Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door, and fill up the water-pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing.'

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed. Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot cross lots and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish as he did.

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"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the post-office. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for one thousand dollars in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in five and ten dollar bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours, then went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress, and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes—none too good, either.

"This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it, and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"'We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim,' he said, and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in a year, excepting the times when we went a-visitin'.' Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar-bowl, asking, 'How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?'

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

"Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there, then, on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to Heaven and said slowly, 'Put your trust in the Lord, for He will provide.'

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"Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy, Jimmy! My boy, Jimmy!'

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time, and came back again to New York.

"I am going to send fifty dollars home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke he took Jim by the hand and said, "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow, Jim."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

In that Room without a Door

THE GHOST OF A HAUNTED HOUSE

By Ballard Craig

I AM an excessively nervous person and subject to impressions. Not weak—oh! certainly not that. Have I not shown how I can cling to a purpose? But I am susceptible to surrounding influences, and so sensitive that an atmosphere has power to inspire or depress, a personality to charm or antagonize me, and an idea, suggested with sufficient force, to control my whole being. Lenore and I were perfectly happy together, though no one had wanted her to marry me.

"He has strange ways," her friends said, and Lenore had told me this and thrown back her pretty head and laughed at them as she clung to my neck. She loved me always. I could hear it in her voice and see it in her great soft eyes—wait! there was, toward the last, in her eyes that look I could not bear to see. It was almost a horror, I could have said, had I seen it in any eyes but hers. But Lenore could never have felt that for me. It must have been the pain she suffered—in spite of what she had done. I would have liked to spare her that. Well, it has troubled me. It is the only thing that has dissatisfied me with what I have done.

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We had been married about six months when we began to look for a house. It was great fun, Lenore said, to tramp around together and plan and discuss; but it was a long time before we found anything at all satisfactory. We exhausted the lists offered by real estate offices, and one afternoon were walking in from Hayes Valley to our hotel in San Francisco, somewhat discouraged, when we passed a pretty little place, marked conspicuously, "For Rent."

The gate leading into the really large garden swung open at a touch, and we walked around the house examining as well as we might from outside its walls. It was not a modern house. It was rather low, of one story, but well finished, with wide porches and big square windows. The blinds of one of them were half opened, and Lenore pushed them apart and we peered into a small room with shelves running along one wall.

"There is my library," I said, but Lenore exclaimed, "Why, there is no door in the room!"

"You are mistaken," I cried, looking in again, but though we could see every point of the room clearly, there was no egress apparent but the window through which we gazed.

"It is surely strange," Lenore whispered, and her form trembled. "It rather frightens me, Basil," she added, half apologetically.

I laughed at her foolish terror, and soon she laughed herself, and by the time we reached the Palace Hotel we had decided to get the keys from the agent whose address was given on the bills, and, if the interior pleased us, take the house.

I went alone to see this man the next day. He was a gentlemanly person, whose occupation was not determined by any evidences thereof about his office. He looked curiously at me, as I spoke with some enthusiasm of the house, and upon my questioning him he replied that it was his own property. He would go with me, he said, to look over it, if I so desired. We went at once.

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The entrance was exceptionally good, and the hall, running directly through the centre of the house, wide, handsomely paneled in oak and lighted from the roof. There were pretty drawing-rooms, dining-room and bedrooms and no evidence anywhere of the small apartment which we had inspected from the garden. I spoke of this immediately and the landlord seemed to be embarrassed and anxious to avoid my questions. We were just leaving the house, and with some little hesitation he finally asked me to go back to his office; he would tell me there, he said, about this room.

"The price at which I offer you this house," he began, "is singularly low, and, frankly, there is a good reason for it. I have never explained the peculiarity of that room to anyone, because in itself it has always proved sufficient grounds for tenants to reject the house at any price. But the place pleases you and"—here he spoke slowly—"you do not seem a person to be easily frightened. That room has been the scene of several murders."

Naturally I started, but before I could speak he repeated harshly:

"Several murders. This was, of course, generally known at one time. But the house has been unoccupied for years, the neighborhood has changed, and the stories about it have gradually been forgotten. For the last tenant I had the room walled up; under the circumstances, of course, you can imagine he did not care to use it. The house was big enough for his use, anyhow. There was something strange about him, too——"

He stopped abruptly, putting the key of the house in my hand, and in spite of what I had heard I accepted it, and promising an answer that day went slowly back to the hotel.

My desire for the place had somewhat cooled, though I said to myself that I was not superstitious. I should not tell Lenore its strange story—she was so easily disturbed. It was a charming house, and very reasonable. Why not make some excuse to my wife for the sealed room, and asserting my strength of character move into the place and build over this grave of many tragedies the happiest of homes?

The sun was bright—the world looked gay. Lenore met me with an expectant face, and the cry:

"Now, Basil, do not say the rent was too high," and, smiling at her eagerness, I felt my last doubt melt away before the brightness of her manner, and that afternoon I took from the landlord a lease of the house for twelve months. I told Lenore that the last tenant had been a sort of crank, who, having some association connected with his library, had walled it up.

"There is room enough for our present family, little wife," I said—my conscience pricking me for this first deception—and I added, kissing her, "We will open this room up, and even add more rooms to the house, if necessity demands."

Lenore blushed and dimpled, and hid her face confidingly on my shoulder.

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We moved into Number 15,000 Guerrero Street, and a week's delightful labor made of it a home as fair as if no black history were hidden beneath its decorations.

"And now," said Lenore, "after the hall we have nothing more to do to this house but to live in it."

We had left the hall until the very last, as one eats a dainty dessert. It had possibilities, with its fine paneling, its big fireplace, and roof of stained glass, and we had some curios in the shape of arms to hang above the mantelshelf, and one or two bits of rare pottery for the panels on either side the drawing-room door.

I went out late in the day and met Bronson, an old chum. "Come home to dine, old fellow," I cried. "Come and see the housekeeping."

He put me off gravely, and said:

"Basil, I must speak to you of something—of this very housekeeping, in fact. Come to my rooms, where we can have a word alone." I followed him, startled and disturbed. He came directly to the point—he is always direct, Bronson is.

"Have you heard any queer stories about your house?" he asked, and I answered, hesitatingly, "Yes," though I remember I tried to seem bluff.

"And are you indifferent?" he asked again, anxiously.

I determined to be quite frank with him—his friendship for me deserved this—and I told him Lenore was ignorant of everything, and that I thought prejudice of this sort absurd.

He interrupted me quickly. "A prejudice! If it were but that! But the circumstances connected with the death of the last tenant were foundation for something more than prejudice. Only that no direct proof against him could be found, the man who owns the property would have swung for it, and even now, after six years, a reward is offered for any clue to the affair."

He must have seen my utter bewilderment in my face, for he continued rapidly:

"The strange room in your house has always been sealed, yet the last tenant was found there dead. The body was removed through the window. The man had been murdered, evidently; by whom, for what purpose, has never been discovered."

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My heart sank. What mystery had I willfully brought into my daily associations? Why, above all, had my landlord lied to me about the sealing of this room? And yet, even at this moment, I felt an indefinable reluctance to giving up the house. I could see Lenore flitting through the pretty rooms, the little conservatory with its delicate ferns and miniature fountain. She was waiting for me now, perhaps, in the hall we were to put the last proud touch upon this very evening. With a short laugh I broke off my train of reflections.

"Bronson," I cried, "no more ghost stories. It is not like you to be childish. Let us give the place a fair trial. Time enough to move when anything suspicious occurs."

He looked at me sadly, and suddenly putting his hand on mine he said: "Do not risk Lenore."

I shook off his hand and said, coldly, "I shall not risk my wife, Bronson."

Truly, Bronson sometimes exceeded even the limits of our intimacy. He refused to go home with me, and Lenore and I dined alone. Immediately afterward we began to work. I fastened a bracket securely in one of the panels, and changing the position of my ladder I held out my hand for some Japanese weapons.

"Let us cross them here," I said.

"They are in the other room," replied Lenore, running to get them, and absently I tapped the panel before me with the hammer. At first I did not notice that it moved, but suddenly I became aware that with the jar it was gradually slipping aside. Greatly excited, I pushed it, and, as I had suspected, it disclosed the dark interior of the sealed library. Lenore was coming and, yielding to a sudden impulse to conceal from her my discovery, I slipped the panel back in place. Taking the swords from her I held them against the wall. Fearing to fasten them there, I said: "Stiff, rather, isn't it? The panel is quite handsome enough without them." And Lenore, who thought always as I thought, agreed readily.

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That night while my wife slept I went softly from her side and down the hall. Lighting a lamp I made my investigation as quietly as possible, found the movable panel, and in a few moments stood in the room where the murders had been committed. Except for its associations the room was commonplace enough; papered in a cheap paper of continental design and otherwise of a pattern that compared unfavorably with the rest of the house. It looked, too, as if it had been roughly used.

I placed the lamp in my hand upon the shelves which were moved aside with the panel. They concealed the entrance to the room, I supposed, when in place, and mechanically I pushed them back.

Instantly I realized the folly of what I had done. I remembered the mystery surrounding the room—the number of murders committed there—the fact that no motive had been discovered for the last murder. Bronson had said that investigation proved the body bore no marks of violence.

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If it had been but a supposed murder? Others might have found this room, incarcerated themselves, died by starvation, by shutting off all exit as I had done! In the frenzy which seized upon me I forgot the window near at hand, forgot that a cry would easily bring assistance. I threw myself violently against the shelves, which slid beneath my weight so rapidly that the lamp was knocked from its place and fell with a crash, fortunately extinguished by the swiftness of descent. Breathless and terrified I sprang into the hall. Closing the panel I hurried to my room and bent over my wife's bed. She moved restlessly, unclosed her eyes, and seeing my face near her own, smiled and fell asleep again.

I lay down beside her and tried, myself, to sleep. Impossible! All night the memory of my terror possessed me still, though its cause had been but a shadow, and I trembled and shivered with the dread that had been upon me. Then I began to ponder over the murders. What had been the mysterious history of the last? Why had they all been committed in this one room? And so I tormented myself with futile questioning until the dawn, when I arose haggard and wearied, and went out into the garden before Lenore had awakened.

Even there the fascination held me, and I spent the hour before breakfast pacing backward and forward before the window which opened from the library, pausing occasionally to look through it, wondering ever how and why the murders had been committed there.

Suddenly a thought came to me, and though at first I put it away, it returned and forced other thoughts aside until at last I gave it place, and before I had left my home that day it had grown into a determination.

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I was a lawyer and had already won some distinction in my profession. Why not make it my business to find the clue to this mysterious murder? Who could have a better opportunity than I, beneath the very roof—in possession of a secret entrance to the room, evidently unknown to others—with good reason to suspect the landlord who had purposely deceived me. The reward was a large one—such a case meant a reputation. I would do this, I said to myself, very quietly. Time for the world to know when I could tell it everything.

All day I questioned widely but cautiously, and by night I was in possession of all facts known to the general public. They convinced me that whatever key to the mystery existed lay in that room. I must examine it thoroughly, and this must be done at night, when Lenore was asleep, as I wished her to remain in ignorance of the whole matter. With this in view, I discouraged the visits of all friends lest they speak of the mystery connected with our house, and Lenore, who cared only to please me, gave every one up for my sake.

I also discontinued all newspapers, fearing that even at this late day some allusion to the murder might appear in one of them.

Lenore rarely went out now except into the garden, and to-day, in spite of my sorrow, I can smile and congratulate myself on the way in which I made everything subservient to the great purpose of my life.

We retired early. Lenore slept at all times like a tired child, and I was enabled to begin my work of investigation in good season, between eleven and twelve o'clock at the latest. I had lost all terror of the room itself by this time, regarding it, of course, in a professional light, as part of the business in hand.

My one fear was of being discovered at work or even suspected of it. I had the blinds nailed closely shut, "to prevent curious prying," I explained to Lenore, and clinging fondly to me she had said she was glad—the thought of the room troubled her.

"I would like our home to be free and open, as it is happy, Basil," she said; "free, open and happy as our lives;" and I, who had long ago become reconciled to the daily deception of her, hugged myself in delight at this proof of her perfect trust and the safety of my secret.

I had carried into the room a heavy blanket, which I fastened, by strong pins, over the window in order to conceal all light within the room from the garden. I had determined to examine closely every bit of woodwork about the library, as the movable panel suggested to me the probability of further peculiarities of a like nature, and I naturally began with the shelves. On the first two I found nothing whatever, and owing to the necessity of precaution and silence I worked but slowly, and I had now wasted fully a week. I did not permit myself to be discouraged. I have never been one to give up what I desire.

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It was as I bent down to examine the third shelf that I became suddenly conscious of observation. That eyes were upon me I was absolutely sure, but for some strange reason I could not determine from what point of the room I was being observed.

How they seemed to burn into me! They were moving now—they were coming nearer—I could feel their position change. Ah! why could I not define it? and suddenly I felt they were above me, and I knew then, too, that they were Lenore's. I sprang erect to face her where she stood above me. She was not there!

Baffled, infuriated, I looked around the empty room. That Lenore, of whose profound ignorance of my project I had been so foolishly certain—that my wife, of all others, should have dared to spy upon me! The thought was maddening, the more so that she had so easily escaped my just resentment. She must have gone as she had come, through the panel! How had she opened it while I was at work upon the shelves? How had she closed it so quickly, so softly?

I hastened to my room. I found my wife lying, almost as I had left her, on the bed—her arms flung carelessly above her head. Such slender, delicate arms Lenore had! A little smile was on her lips. What could I think? I believed her so incapable of deception, and I was obliged to persuade myself that, after all, I had been quite mistaken. But I was unfitted for work that night, and irritated and disturbed I threw aside the dressing gown in which I worked and lay down in the hope of a brief rest.

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All night I lay awake thinking of my great scheme and the fame it would bring me, and though I tried to check it a great anger against Lenore took possession of me. I said to myself that nothing could be more annoying than such an interruption. Suppose I had been on the point of discovering something of great importance in the case, and I felt as if in some way I must vent my vexation. I clenched my hands and tossed angrily on the bed until I succeeded in waking my wife.

As she unclosed her large eyes I bent over her and said harshly, "Why did you leave your bed to-night?"

She seemed for a moment bewildered, and then, nestling to my side, she said, "Basil, you are dreaming."

Whether she were deceiving me or not, I felt silence were best, and putting her from me for the first time in our life together, I turned my face away, and, after a long time, fell into a broken and troubled sleep.

At last I dreamed of being engaged in some secret study of vast importance. Aiming repeatedly at a decisive point, I was each time interrupted and the result of my researches snatched from me. It was ever the same one, the same vague some one, who disturbed me, and ever eluded detection.

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Gradually, throughout the dream, my identity changed. I became the owner of the house in which I lived; the spy, who so persistently annoyed me, was the murdered tenant. His murder suggested itself as the only way of freeing myself from him—it seemed excusable, even justifiable, and the work which before had engrossed me for itself became now the means by which I might detect this person in his infamy and punish him.

My opportunity came. At last I saw him; I had him in my grasp; he struggled; my fingers closed about his throat——

I awoke shrieking. "I have found the clue." It was broad day, the sun streamed through the windows, my wife stood beside me and passed her hand lovingly across my eyes.

"You are ill, dear," she said, gently.

It was with difficulty I replied, the impression of my dream was so strong upon me. It moreover suggested a line of thought which seemed to me reasonable, and I longed to be alone to follow it out to what I was sure would be the true solution of the mystery of the murder. I reassured Lenore. I had only had a bad dream, I said, and she hung over me with pretty fondness as I ate my late breakfast and I could show no anger toward her. But from that moment I suspected her, and she was never the same to me afterward.

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As I walked down Market Street I summoned up my thoughts in this way. The landlord of Guerrerro Street had some occupation which he carried out in private. This I had learned from Bronson. I also learned that the last tenant, having no family, had rented a room to the owner of the property—which fact had led to his being suspected of having something to do with the murder. There was now no doubt in my mind but that he had made use of the sealed library for purposes known only to himself; that the tenant had discovered this and the entrance to the room. Being curious he had probably watched the man at work, who became conscious, as I had done, of the disturbing influence. He had doubtless been goaded, as I in my dream, into committing the murder of his persecutor.

The whole case appeared clear to me. Now to find out what object carried the man into the library.

So engrossed had I become in this process of investigation that my daily business became impossible and I found it necessary to close my offices. My days were spent in researches in mysterious cases. People began to look at me askance.

I now passed nearly the entire night in the library. I had conceived the idea that something was buried beneath it, and examining the floor by the aid of a strong glass I had deciphered the marks 7 x 10.

This greatly elated me. It is true they may have been figures left there by builders, but instinct whispered they were of importance. I secured the necessary tools and began to take up the floor at the point where I saw the figures. Again I felt that I was being closely observed. I raised my eyes. They fell upon the shelves pushed aside, leaving a wide opening into the hall. I could never have been so forgetful—someone had passed through it.

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With a furious cry I bounded into the hall. It was empty and dim. Vanishing through the door of my sleeping-room I fancied I saw the edge of a white gown—a woman's nightdress. I stood within the bedroom. Lenore lay quietly sleeping. My brain boiled at her duplicity. Seizing her by the arm I shook her roughly. "Where have you been?" I cried, as she started up in the bed. So dead with sleep she feigned to be that she did not know what question I had put to her, but she seemed very frightened and began to cry nervously. I swore to myself that she should not outdo me in cunning, and I soothed her tenderly, saying that she had called out in her sleep and alarmed me.

She was thoroughly aroused now and lay talking for an hour of a great happiness that soon would be ours. A thought which, though at one time it had engrossed my mind, rarely entered it now, and then to be put away with impatience. What was a small human life, even a part of my own, compared with the great project which was to illuminate my future? Lenore's innocent joy was wearisome to me, her persistent wakefulness, interfering fatally with my work, maddened me, and I was obliged to be silent in order to check angry words, and finally I feigned sleep.

That she was awake long afterward I could tell by the restless play of her fingers on the coverlet, her half-smothered sighs and restless turning. I felt as if I could kill her, and at last sleep mercifully soothed me.

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I succeeded, the next night, in removing quite a portion of the floor. In obedience to the figures, I cut seven inches in one direction and ten in the other.

The night was oppressively hot and my stooping posture wearisome to a painful degree. I was obliged to pause repeatedly because of a peculiar sensation in my head. This had, at about this time, given me great annoyance. It was not a pain. It was a sort of rushing, blinding feeling—a feeling of being suffocated by great pressure on the brain. [It has never left me. To-night it has been even worse than usual.]

On the evening of which I am speaking I suffered greatly from this trouble, and was also much annoyed by the fear of observation. My previous experiences had made me nervous. I made strenuous efforts to conquer such a condition, as it seriously interfered with my work. I cannot tell you the number of times I started up, glancing in every direction, expecting to see my wife's dark eyes upon me. I had learned to hate the look in them, though it was full of tenderness for me. I think I would have ended it all then, had I been sure.

At length, nearly perishing with fatigue, I lifted the piece of flooring, and to my intense excitement I saw imbedded in the earth beneath a small piece of iron. It might have been the corner of a box buried there or a portion of some iron instrument. I could not move it, and forgetful of the exhaustion which a moment before had overpowered me, I rapidly began sawing the wood around where the bit of iron lay. I could scarcely control my fingers; they shook with nervousness. Several times I laughed aloud, in delight, forgetting that I was not alone in the house—that prudence and silence were one. This thought suggested itself later, and a terrible dread came upon me that I had been overheard.

I fancied that Lenore's eyes were once more fastened upon me. I feared to turn my head, and crouched yet more closely to the floor. I could not rid myself of the idea, and, with a great effort, I finally lifted my face and cautiously surveyed the room behind me.

As usual, I saw nothing, and I returned to my work. No sooner had I done so than I felt certain she stood behind me—I could feel her eyes, like coals, burning down into my brain; they were coming nearer—nearer. Fainting with terror of them, I yet summoned courage to confront them, and slowly I turned my face toward them. They were not there! I was alone with my work.

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Again and again this dreadful mockery repeated itself until I was wild with rage, and fear, and disappointment. Great drops of perspiration rolled from my face, my hands were shaking so I could not hold the saw.

And then I heard a sound behind me. Motionless, on my hands and knees, I waited. It was a pushing sound; it was, I knew, the panel being opened. It was followed by a rustling and a smothered, startled cry, and then my wife's awful eyes were there, eating into my very soul. I could not rise to my feet—the rage which took possession of me made me powerless, then came the triumph of having at last detected her.

But perhaps she had already discovered the clue—she would take it from me—I uttered a cry of agony as I saw my cherished plans thus shattered before me, and, with a curse, I faced her.

Yes! it was Lenore! She leaned against the opened panel, white, shaking with terror, no doubt from being found there. She had on but her night-dress, and her feet were bare on the dark floor. Her black hair lay on her shoulders and against her uncovered neck. She was watching me intently.

I sprang toward her, and there, in the soft, warm flesh, where the dress had fallen away, I fastened my fingers. She made no sort of cry or struggle, but into her eyes came the look—ah! I knew it well. Had I not felt it upon me again and again though it had always before escaped my eyes. No love for me, no trust in me, expressed in it, only wild, fearful questioning. Still it confronted me, and though I closed my fingers yet more closely until her white face was no longer white and all expression had gone from it, the look was still in her eyes.

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And now I am kept here, in this small cage, where I see no one but a gruff, surly person who brings me very indifferent food and leaves my questions unanswered.

I am very patient—patient and quiet. I am only waiting a little while until they shall have taken Lenore away from that room, and then I can go back to the proofs that are waiting there for me.

There is only this man now to annoy me. I hate him. He never takes his eyes from me—he is watching, always watching, and there is something in his look that reminds me of Lenore.—Portland Oregonian.

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On the India Frontier

THE STORY THE DOCTOR TOLD

By Henry Seton Merriman

"WANT Berlyng," he seemed to be saying, though it was difficult to catch the words, for we were almost within range, and the fight was a sharp one. It was the old story of India frontier warfare; too small a force, and a foe foolishly underrated.

The man they had just brought in—laying him hurriedly on a bed of pine needles, in the shade of the conifers where I had halted my little train—poor Charles Noon of the Sikhs, was done for. His right hand was off at the wrist, and the shoulder was almost severed.

I bent my ears to his lips, and heard the words which sounded like "Want Berlyng."

We had a man called Berlyng in the force—a gunner—who was round at the other side of the fort that was to be taken before night, two miles away at least.

"Do you want Berlyng?" I asked, slowly and distinctly. Noon nodded, and his lips moved. I bent my head till my ear touched his lips.

"How long have I?" he was asking.

"Not long, I'm afraid, old chap."

His lips closed with a queer, distressed look. He was sorry to die. "How long?" he asked again.

"About an hour."

But I knew it was less. I attended to others, thinking all the while of poor Noon. His home life was little known, but there was some story about an engagement at Poonah the previous warm weather. Noon was rich, and he cared for the girl; but she did not

return the feeling. In fact, there was some one else. It appears that the girl's people were ambitious and poor, and that Noon had promised large settlements. At all events, the engagement was a known affair, and gossip whispered that Noon knew about the some one else and would not give her up. He was, I know, thought badly of by some, especially by the elders.

However, the end of it all lay on a sheet beneath the pines and watched me with such persistence I was at last forced to go to him.

"Have you sent for Berlyng?" he asked, with a breathlessness which I know too well.

Now I had not sent for Berlyng, and it requires more nerve than I possess to tell unnecessary lies to a dying man. The necessary ones are quite different, and I shall not think of them when I go to my account.

"Berlyng could not come if I sent for him," I replied soothingly. "He is two miles from here, trenching the North Wall, and I have nobody to send. The messenger would have to run the gauntlet of the enemy's earthworks."

"I'll give the man a hundred pounds who does it," replied Noon, in his breathless whisper. "Berlyng will come sharp enough. He hates me too much not to come."

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He broke off with a laugh which made me feel sick.

I found a wounded water-carrier—a fellow with a stray bullet in his hand—who volunteered to find Berlyng, and then I returned to Noon and told him what I had done. I knew that Berlyng could not come. He nodded, and I think he said, "God bless you."

"I want to put something right," he said, after an effort; "I've been a blackguard."

I waited a little, in case Noon wished to repose some confidence in me. Things are so seldom put right that it is wise to facilitate such intentions. But it appeared obvious that what Noon had to say could only be said to Berlyng. They had, it transpired, not been on speaking terms for some months.

I was turning away when Noon suddenly cried out in his natural voice, "There is Berlyng."

I turned and saw one of my men, Swearney, carrying in a gunner. It might be Berlyng, for the uniform was that of a Captain, but I could not see his face. Noon, however, seemed to recognize him.

I showed Swearney where to lay his man, close to me, alongside Noon, who then required all my attention, for he had fainted.

In a moment Noon recovered, despite the heat, which was tremendous. He lay quite still, looking up at the patches of blue sky between the dark tops of the pine trees.

His face was livid under the sunburn, and as I wiped the perspiration from his forehead he closed his eyes with the abandon of a child. Some men, I have found, die like children going to sleep. He slowly recovered and I gave him a few drops of stimulant. I thought he was dying and decided to let Berlyng wait.

I did not even glance at him as he lay, covered with dust and blackened by the smoke of his beloved nine-pounders, a little to the left of Noon and behind me as I knelt at the latter's side. After a while his eyes grew brighter and he began to look about.

He turned his head, painfully, for the muscles of his neck were injured, and caught sight of the gunner's uniform. "Is that Berlyng?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes."

He dragged himself up and tried to get nearer to Berlyng. I helped him. They were close alongside of each other. Berlyng was lying on his back, staring up at the blue patches between the pine trees.

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Noon turned on his left elbow and began whispering into the smoke-grimed ear.

"Berlyng," I heard him say, "I was a blackguard. I am sorry, old man. I played it very low down. It was a dirty trick. It was my money—and her people were anxious for her to marry a rich man. I worked it through her people. I wanted her so badly that I forgot I—was supposed—to be a—gentleman. I found out—that it was you—she cared for. But I couldn't make up my mind to give her up. I kept her—to her word. And now it's all up with me—but you'll pull through and it will all—come right. Give her my—love—old chap. You can now—because I'm done. I'm glad they brought you in—because I've been able—to tell you—that it is you she cares for. You—Berlyng, old chap, who used to be a chum of mine. She cares for you—yes, you're in luck! I don't know whether she's told you—and I was—a blackguard."

His jaw suddenly dropped—and he rolled forward with his face against Berlyng's shoulder.

Berlyng was dead when they brought him in. He had heard nothing. Or, perhaps, he had heard and understood—everything.—From the National Observer.

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Without Argument.—A young lawyer talked four hours to an Indiana jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the Judge, and said: "Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.

A Donkey with Modern Improvements

HUMOROUS MISTAKES OF AN ENTHUSIAST

By W. L. Alden

MRS. VAN WAGENER had an uncle who lived in San Francisco and seemed to think a great deal of her, which proves that he must have been a remarkably curious sort of man.

He sent her two small Mexican donkeys—a sort of animal that the natives call a blue burro—and very pretty little beasts they were to look at, but when you came to hear them bray you changed your opinion of their beauty at once. Those donkeys had more bray power to the square inch than any donkeys I ever heard before or since. Why, one night the biggest of the two wandered out of Van Wagener's yard, and went down to the Baptist Church, where there was a missionary meeting in progress. It being summer time the windows were all open, and the donkey put in his head at one of the windows to investigate the proceedings. Not being quite satisfied with what was going on, he turned on his braying machinery, and just let himself loose. That congregation was blown before the bray like leaves before the blast of a full-grown cyclone.

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One evening I was talking with Professor Van Wagener on the veranda of his house when one of his donkeys brayed. When things had quieted down a little, so that we could hear ourselves think, Van Wagener says to me, "Colonel Scroggins! did it ever occur to you that it might be within the resources of science to cure a donkey of braying?"

"Certainly!" says I. "All you have to do to effect a permanent cure is to shoot the donkey."

"That's not what I mean," said the Professor. "A donkey brays because of the formation of his larynx. If you could give him a new and improved larynx his bray might be changed into delightful music. A man's voice, like a donkey's, depends on the conformation of his larynx. Now, I read in a scientific journal a few days ago that a German surgeon had provided a man with an artificial larynx—the man's original larynx having been shot away—and the result was that the man's voice was much more melodious than it had ever been. Now, I see no reason why a donkey could not be supplied with an artificial larynx, and his bray changed into something soft and musical. In view of the fact that Mrs. Van Wagener has gone to San Francisco for a six months' visit, I think I'll experiment on one of her donkeys. I've done a great deal of vivisection in my time, and what a German surgeon can do I ought to be able to do."

About two months later, when, as usual, I was spending the evening at Van Wagener's, I heard a sound like an Æolian harp, and looking at Van Wagener I noticed that he was smiling with satisfaction.

"What's that sound?" I asked. "Have you been inventing a new sort of Æolian harp?"

"That's my improved donkey," said he. "I told you I thought I could cure his bray and I've done so. I gave him a new larynx, and now that he has completely recovered from the operation it is as good as going to a concert to hear the animal when he lifts up his voice."

I admit that I was astonished. "Professor," said I, "if you can get a patent on your donkey's larynx your fortune's made. Every man in Illinois who owns a donkey will come to you to operate on the beast. You've made inventions before that weren't exactly successful, but this time you've made a bull's-eye."

I meant all I said, for the transformation that Van Wagener had made in that donkey's voice was really most wonderful.

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However, as it turned out, the donkey didn't prize his new larynx as much as the rest of us did. On the contrary, his inability to bray the roof off the house weighed on his spirits, and the contemptuous way in which the other donkey used to bray at him made him droop and lose his appetite. In short, the donkey pined away, and died in less than a month after he lost his bray.

Professor Van Wagener was disappointed at the donkey's death, but he immediately set to work to improve the voice of the remaining donkey. This time he had an additional new idea. He had read an advertisement in a New York paper concerning dolls that could say "Papa" and "Mamma." As, of course you know, a doll that says "Papa" does it because it has a sort of tin larynx, which is supplied with air by a rubber bulb. When you squeeze the bulb the doll says "Papa." Well, Van Wagener studied the mechanism of that doll till he thoroughly understood it, and felt confident that he could make a donkey say "Papa" as well as any mechanical doll could say it. So in course of time he operated on his remaining donkey, and provided it with a larynx made on the same principle as the doll's speaking apparatus. It took about a month or six weeks for the beast to recover, but in the end the operation proved to be a most brilliant success. Whenever that donkey started to bray the only result was that he remarked in a loud, but not unpleasant voice, "Papa!" I own I was considerably startled the first time I heard the donkey speak. But I congratulated the Professor as he deserved, and I felt more respect for him as an inventor than I had ever felt before.

"What will Mrs. Van Wagener say to the improvement you have made in her donkey?" I asked the Professor one day.

"That's a question which I have already asked myself," he replied. "I fear that I have made a mistake in making the beast say 'Papa.' Considering that he was Mrs. Van Wagener's donkey, it seems to me that it would have been more delicately respectful if I had made him say 'Mamma'!"

"Don't let that trouble you," said I. "Of the two I am pretty sure that Mrs. Van Wagener would rather have the donkey call you 'Papa' than to have him call her 'Mamma.'"

It was getting on toward spring, and Mrs. Van Wagener wrote to her husband that she was just starting for home. Her uncle was coming with her, and had, so she said, told her that if he found that she was happily married to a man worthy of her, he should make her and her husband the present of a ranch in California, where they could live in comfort and luxury for the rest of their days. She added information that her uncle was a little bit of a crank.

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The Professor was delighted with the letter, for he always had a desire to live in an earthquake country, where he could study earthquakes; and those were the days when California could depend on at least one good shaking up every year.

The day Mrs. Van Wagener and her uncle arrived, Van Wagener asked me to call at his house in the course of the afternoon and welcome his wife and her relative to New Berlinopolisville. Accordingly, about four o'clock I went over to the house, and Mrs. Van Wagener, who always hated me, gave me two fingers to shake, and said, "Oh! Uncle! this is Colonel Scroggins, of whom I have had occasion to speak to you."

Presently Van Wagener says, beaming all over, "My dear, you remember the donkey your uncle so kindly gave us?"

"I remember two donkeys that dear uncle was so good and kind as to send to me. What have you done with one of them—blown him up in your laboratory?"

"No, my dear; nothing of the kind. He died of a sort of decline—mourning about something, as I supposed."

"The dear thing must have pined away after me," said Mrs. Van Wagener. "Well, I do hope nothing is the matter with the other?"

"Nothing whatever," replied the Professor. "He is far better than he ever was, for I have added a little improvement to him which I am sure will delight both you and your uncle. I will bring him round to the front door, and you shall see, or rather hear, for yourselves what a wonderful example of what science can accomplish that donkey has become."

He accordingly went round to the back yard and got the donkey, and brought him around to the front garden where his wife and her uncle could see him.

When the Professor and his improved donkey hove in sight, Mrs. Van Wagener said, in what she considered to be a sweet tone of voice, "Come, uncle, dear! and see our donkey; I think I know what my husband has done to it, and you may be sure he intended to give you a pleasant surprise."

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I followed after the lady and her California crank, for I knew there would be trouble, and I thought I might as well be at hand in case the uncle should be spry with his weapons. The donkey was rubbing its nose against Van Wagener, and at first didn't take any notice of the rest of us. But when the Professor had led him up to his wife's uncle, and said, "Now, Solomon,"—which was the donkey's name—"show our friend what a beautiful voice you have," the donkey seemed all of a sudden to recognize the Californian, and to take in the situation. He ran up to the man as if he had found his oldest friend, and planting himself just in front of him, remarked in a most affectionate tone, "Papa!"

Mr. Van Wagener's wife's uncle never seemed to think that there was anything miraculous, as you might say, in being spoken to in good English by a donkey. He was too mad to go into any details. He looked at Van Wagener as if he could kill and scalp him then and there, and said "Sir! I don't propose to submit to insult from any man or donkey, whether he has two legs or two thousand. I refuse to stop one single minute longer in a house where a donkey is deliberately trained to call me the author of its being. As for my niece, she is evidently hand in glove with you, for she said she knew what you and your donkey were going to do, and that it was all done for my benefit; and as for you, sir!" he continued, turning to me, "I beg to say, that if you find any fault with my remarks, I hold myself personally responsible for them. I shall remain at the hotel for the next twenty-four hours, and if you care to take the part of your miserable scientific friend you will find me ready for you."

With that, the uncle walked away, leaving Mrs. Van Wagener in a dead faint and the Professor wondering what in the world his wife's uncle had been talking about. I judged that I was not needed any longer, and so made my way home. Van Wagener never mentioned the word donkey to me again, and I accidentally learned two days after the affair that his donkey had suddenly died, as I presume, from the effects of a gunshot wound. That was the only time that any one ever attempted to improve a donkey's bray, and the field is still open to the next inventor.—The Longbow.

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Alone on the Ocean

By Clark Russell

BLACK in the wake of the moon, in the heart of the trembling spread of white splendor, floated a boat. The night was breathless; beyond the verge of the eclipsing brightness of the moon the sky was full of stars. A man sat in the stern-sheets of the boat, motionless, with his chin on his breast, and his arms in listless posture beside him.

From time to time he groaned, and after he had been sitting for an hour as though dead, he raised his head and lifted up his eyes to the moon, and cursed the thirst that was burning his throat, then shifted his figure close to the gunwale, over which he lay, with both hands in the water for the chill of it.

The moonshine was nigh as bright as day. The sea line ran firm as a sweep of painted circle through the silver mist in the far recesses. An oar was stepped as a mast in the boat, and athwart it was lashed another oar, from which hung a man's shirt and coat. She looked dry as a midsummer ditch in that piercing moonlight.

At the feet of the man, distinctly visible, were two or three little pellets or lumps of rag, which he had been chewing throughout the day; but his jaws were now locked, the saliva had run dry, his sailor's teeth, blunted by junk and ship bread, could bite no more moisture out of the fragment of stuff he had cut off his back. Oh, it is dreadful to suffer the agony of thirst, the froth, the baked and crackling lip, the strangled throat, while beholding a vast breast of cold sea glazed into the beauty of ice by the moon, and while hearing the fountain-like murmur and refreshing ripple of water alongside!

The speed of the boat quickly raised the land, and by noon, under the roasting sun, it lay within a mile. It was one of the Bahama Keys—a flat island with a low hill in the midst of it, to the right of which was a green wood. The rest of the island was green, with some sort of tropic growth as of the guinea grass. The breeze was now very light; the sun had eaten it up, as the Spaniards say. The man thought he saw the sparkle of a waterfall, and the sight made him mad and as strong in that hour as in the heartiest time of his whole life.

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He sprang from his seat, pulled down his queer fabric of oar and flapping shirt and coat, and, flinging the two blades over, bent his back and drove the boat along. In a quarter of an hour her forefoot grounded on a coral-white beach that swept round a point clear of the foam of the breaker, and the man, reeling out of her upon the shore, grasped her painter and secured it to an oar which he jammed into a thickness of some sort of bush that grew close to the wash of the water, and then, rocking and stumbling, he went up the beach.

It was an uninhabited island, and nothing was in sight upon the whole circle of the white shining sea, saving the dim blue haze of land in the north, and a like film or delicate discoloration of the atmosphere in the southwest. The man, with rounded back, and hanging arms, and staggering gait, searched for water. The heat was fearful; the sunshine blazed on the white sand, and seemed to strike upward into the face in darting and tingling needles, white-hot.

He went toward the wood, wading painfully on his trembling legs through the guinea grass and chick undergrowth, with toadstools in it like red shields, and astir with armored creatures, reptiles of glorious hue, and spider-like bunches of jewels.

Suddenly he stopped; his ear had caught a distant noise of water; he turned his back upon the sun, and thrusting onward came presently to a little stream in which the grass stood thick, green and sweet. He fell on his knees, and, putting his lips to the crystal surface, sucked up water like a horse, till, being full nearly to bursting, he fell back in the rank grass with a moan of gratitude.—The Glasgow Weekly Citizen.

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What Railroads Spend

THE railroads of the United States expend in a year a sum more than $100,000,000 in excess of the total expenditures of the United States Government, and this computation does not include nearly $250,000,000 paid in the form of interest upon railroad bonds or guaranteed stock, and from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000 paid in the form of dividends to stockholders. The railroads, says The Saturday Evening Gazette, are indeed the great disbursing agencies of the country, handling never less than a billion dollars in a year, and disbursing it all, or practically all, for railroads as a rule do not keep large bank accounts, and do practically a cash business, turning money rapidly.

An estimate, made by one of the scientific papers a short time ago, gave as the average annual expense of American railroads in maintaining the condition of their roadbeds $75,000,000, besides $35,000,000 for the purchase of rails, ties and sleepers, and $15,000,000 for the construction of new bridges. The railroads of the country spent last year for fences, signboards, signals and watch-towers $3,500,000, and for printing and advertising $8,500,000. Very few persons have an accurate idea of the extent to which railroad expenses are to be subdivided, supposing, probably, that the largest items of expenditure are the cars and engines, fuel, employees and terminals. Such is the fact; but there are other large items, and one of the largest of these is the item of taxes.

Railroad corporations in the United States are heavily taxed, and they pay collectively in a year, it has been estimated, $40,000,000. There is then another item which figures largely in all railroad accounts, the item of legal expenses, railroads being drawn into almost constant litigation and requiring at all times the services of counsel. It is estimated that the expenses of American railroads for professional legal services amount in a year to about $10,000,000, and this is, of course, exclusive of the sums requisite to meet claims for personal injuries or damages to property. Some of the large railroad companies expend as much as a quarter of a million dollars in a year for the settlement of such cases or the payment of judgments recovered. This item of expense on all American railroads is ordinarily put at about $5,000,000. A serious accident may entail on a railroad company, damages so large as to offset many months of profit, and some railroads have been crippled for long periods by such cases.

There are in the United States 800,000 railroad employees, 100,000 station-men, 35,000 engineers, 40,000 firemen and helpers, 25,000 conductors and dispatchers, 65,000 trainmen, 30,000 machinists, 100,000 shopmen other than machinists, 20,000 telegraph operators and their helpers, 45,000 switchmen, flagmen and watchmen and 175,000 trackmen. The daily payroll on all American railroads combined, officers and clerical staff included, amounts to the immense sum of nearly $2,000,000 a day.

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Postal Banks for Savings

AN OBJECTION sometimes urged against the establishment of the postal savings bank system in the United States, says the Chicago Record, is that the Government institution could not pay to depositors as high a rate of interest as do private savings banks. Peculiarly enough, this objection is frequently raised by bankers, who seem not to see that it is a refutation of their other claim that postal savings banks might work injury to private banking institutions.

Undoubtedly postal savings banks would pay to depositors a lower rate of interest than private banks. The new bill proposed provides for two per cent., whereas private institutions seldom pay less than three per cent., and frequently pay more. For that reason well-managed and reliable private savings banks would not be injured by the establishment of the postal bank system. Because they pay a higher rate of interest they would retain the deposits of those who know them to be trustworthy. It is not the purpose of the postal savings system to draw deposits from trustworthy private institutions. It is the purpose to supply savings facilities for depositors where no facilities exist, and to those who, through prejudice or ignorance, look with suspicion upon all banks and refuse to deposit with any.

The object of the postal savings bank is to furnish absolute security to small depositors. It is proper, therefore, that the rate of interest should be low. Because the postal savings system aims simply to fill a want not now supplied, the rate is made low, not only that the Government may conduct the business without loss, but also that it may not come in competition with existing private institutions. In the nature of things, the rate paid by a post-office bank must be low, because the wider range of investment open to private banks enables them to earn larger profits from which to pay interest.

At the low rate of interest the post-office banks would receive large deposits from those without other savings facilities, or those who prize absolute security above every other inducement that can be presented to them. The fact of the low interest rate would prevent interference with the business of other reliable savings banks. Those who ask for the establishment of the postal banks are satisfied with the low interest rate. That being the case, those who do not want the system ought not to object.

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A New Lincoln Day

THE plan to establish a new National holiday in honor of Abraham Lincoln, now being urged by the New York Journal, is familiar to most readers of American newspapers. It is almost invariably advanced, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, in different sections of the country, immediately after the anniversary of Lincoln's birth. Heretofore one of the principal objections urged against it has been the proximity of the date, February 12, to Washington's Birthday, a legal holiday, on February 22. Where, as in Philadelphia, a local election intervenes between the two, the result, if this plan should be carried out, would be the observance of three statute holidays in rapid succession, to the marked hindrance of business.

To obviate objections of this type, the Journal suggests that some other date than that of Lincoln's birth shall be selected. It names May 16, the anniversary of his nomination; April 15, the day on which he died, and September 22, the date on which the proclamation was issued, declaring that if the Confederate States persisted in their rebellion, all the slaves should be made free on the first day of January following. As to the first suggestion, the choice of May 16 would tend to give a holiday something of a partisan significance; while its nearness to Decoration Day would also make that date undesirable. April 15, the anniversary of the last day in which the martyr President breathed his last among the tears and horror of a nation, does not seem to be a fitting date for a joyous celebration. September 22 is too close to Labor Day.

The memory of Lincoln deserves all the honor that the citizens of this Republic can render; all the homage of the heart; all the tribute of respect that the intellect can pay. But scrutiny reveals the fact that the calendar is already studded somewhat thickly with holidays, many of which are but little regarded in certain portions of the Union. There are many difficulties in the way of increasing them by Congressional enactment.

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New Fashions in Fiction

THE London Speaker calls for a new fashion in titles of novels. "The present generation," it says, "has outlived the quotation epidemic, which started, I believe, with It is Never Too Late to Mend, Put Yourself in His Place, Love Me Little, Love Me Long, and other monstrosities of Charles Reade, and stalked unchecked through the seventies and early eighties with Comin' Thro' the Rye, The Wooing O't (why not Ha! Ha! the Wooing O't?), Red as a Rose is She, As He Came Up the Stair, and the like. A recognizable variant took the form of polite interrogation—What Will He Do With It? Can We Forgive Her? Ought We to Visit Her? A little while ago we were weltering amid conjunctions of abstract nouns and proper names—The Reputation of George Saxon, The Awakening of Mary Fenwick, The Silence of Dean Maitland, The Indiscretion of the Duchess, The Redemption of Stella Maberley, The Damnation of Theron Ware. Ian Maclaren tried a retaliation on Charles Reade with his Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush and In the Days of Auld Lang Syne; but, fascinated perhaps by John Oliver Hobbes' The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham, has degenerated in his latest novel to Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers (the two titles, by-the-way, might be run together with very pretty effect). Who can tell? But for an accident of fashion we might be knowing Hamlet to-day as A Ghost, Some Mortals and the Prince; Timon of Athens as Ought We to Call on Him? and Paradise Regained as The Sorrows of Satan.

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François Coppée's Pet Cats.—François Coppée, the great French poet, novelist and dramatist, is an old bachelor, and is as devoted to his pet cats as the proverbial spinster. An American friend, who visited him a few years ago, avers that he found one cat in the ante-chamber of the poet's residence, two cats in the dining-room, four in the parlor, and eight in his study.

Putting Up with Things

PATIENCE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE

TO PUT up with things is a most excellent practice. Patience, and the habit of closing the mind against disagreeable and annoying conditions, is one of the marks of a high character. To acquire the habit so effectually as to hide, even from one's self, any sense of suffering or offense from contact with such conditions is what the truly cultivated aim at. Life is full of trying things, but to let the mind dwell upon them only serves to increase their offense to the feelings or the senses. It is much better to restrain thought about them—a thing quite within the power of the average will if one determines so to exercise it.

There are people, of course, who are incapable of self-concentration, and whose imagination, left free to gad about, seems always to fix upon and exaggerate every element of disturbance. They live in an elementary stage of moral discipline, are perpetually fretting about things they cannot help, and are never able to shut down the will against any unpleasantness. They permit merely accidental conditions to exercise a kind of tyrannical sway over them, which, were their mind once bent to the practice of putting up with things, would cease to present any annoyance whatever. It is difficult, no doubt, to be indifferent to material conditions, to food, clothing and shelter, though undue worry about these things may savor of rebellion against Providence. But to fret because one's nose turns red in cold weather, or because there is an odor of peppermint or onions in the house, is simply to betray inability to subordinate the senses to the higher demands of the soul.

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There are thousands of excellent people, moreover, who, though ready enough to put up with the material conditions in which Providence has placed them, are utterly unable to bear annoyance on their aesthetic side from those around them. They are thin-skinned, high-sniffing people, who want to banish or suppress everything offensive to their tastes or distracting to their sublime minds. They are the people who rail against hand-organs, who affect a horror of post-election celebrations, and who want to stop by law the ringing of bells and the noises of the street. They are the over-refined, the supersensitive, who are disrespectful of everybody's likings but their own, and who have no conception of the duty of self-renunciation in deference to the likings of the greatest number. For no one who thinks for a moment will fail to admit that the great mass of people like noise, and that it does constitute one of the attractions of urban life.

What would a Fourth of July amount to as a reminder and stimulant to patriotism, without tin horns and brass bands and firecrackers? How could the great heart of the people be fired without noise, and how much of the stimulant and attractiveness of the city would be lost without the cries of the streets and the dull roar of heavy traffic! The masses are not fastidious and thin-skinned. They do not love to meditate, have no capacity for self-concentration, and do not object to the piano-organ, the old-clothes man, the vegetable peddler, and all the innumerable company of itinerant venders and musicians who contribute to the noises of the streets. Why should they be asked to give up their pleasures in order to gratify the tastes of the aesthetic and high-strung classes who affect to like quiet and tranquillity?

The fact is that if the democratic principle of the right of the majority to rule should obtain anywhere, it should do so in the matter of noise. It will be admitted, of course, that in questions of public morality, of sanitation, and of National finance the rule of an uninstructed majority might be mischievous, and that the classes, as containing the experts, should be consulted. But no such plea can be made on the question of noise. Nobody will claim that it is detrimental to public health, or that the piano in a truck rasps more nerves than it soothes. It is a simple question of taste, and in taste the preferences of the majority should prevail over those of the minority.

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The thin-skinned classes who affect to suffer from noise, and are debarred from going out into the wilderness, should learn to conquer their disgusts and put up with things. Self-denial practiced in order to increase the pleasures of others, will be a far more wholesome lesson than to pamper the tyranny of their over-cultivated senses. Indeed, one of the best uses of democracy is that it teaches us to suppress superfine disgusts out of deference to the tastes of others. Moreover, the truest morality lies in the sacrifice of individual preference to the popular will, where no moral principle is involved. And if this be true it follows that self-denial in the matter of enduring noise is quite as requisite to the development of the highest character as is any fresh skill in discriminating between sweet and harsh sounds. Were the high-sniffing people to practice putting up with things the world would be pleasanter to live in, and their own natures would grow softer and more mellow with the permission they give to others to follow their own preferences.

Of course, the duty of putting up with things may, like every other duty, be carried too far. The man must be thin-skinned indeed who protests against the modulated voice of the charcoal vender, or even the organ-grinder or the German band. Yet some sympathy must be reserved for him whose neighbors on both sides own pianos, and play them, or, worse still, who lives in apartments where ten of these instruments are likely to be all played at once. Among this number are always certain to be some who "crack the voice of melody and break the legs of time," or who vary practice on the piano with attempts to master the wayward tones of the violoncello.

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There is no way of interfering without compromising the liberty of the subject, however much the instruments of torture may turn their discordant screws into the brain. To exercise a piano, a trombone, or the musical talents of a family generally, is not illegal, but quite within the limits of the law. But suppose there is a family next door, or, rather, nine families next door, in which the mother is an accomplished musician, who gives lessons on the piano, and who has a daughter also a pianist, a son who plays the fiddle, and a husband who inclines to the clarionet. Suppose the first notes are heard at eight o'clock in the morning, and continue without intermission until twelve at night, and that at intervals are heard the voice of the clarionet and the screech of the fiddle. Suppose, too, that a brief epistle of remonstrance brings out the information that the family are just about to extend their musical knowledge by devoting their spare moments to acquiring the rudiments of the zither, the piccolo and the concertina. How far is the duty of putting up with things to go? But, after all, musical people must live in houses; and though it might seem advisable, in some instances, to adopt the German law, which forbids the playing of the piano between certain hours, the complications which would arise would doubtless exceed in sadness those which grew out of the house that Jack built. To put up all around is the better way.—The Observer.

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Words of Brilliant Writers

RELIGION.—Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.—Newton.

ENVY.—It is the practice of the multitude to bark at eminent men, as little dogs do at strangers.—Seneca.

HUMILITY.—Lighthouses don't ring bells and fire cannon to call attention to their shining; they just shine on.

PITY.—More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

ACTION.—I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clarke.

LOVE.—Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notion of time; effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.—Madame de Staël.

THOUGHT.—Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when he is alone. This, to a great degree, moulds the man.—Dugald Stewart.

FAITH.—Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it.—J. G. Holland.

PERFECTION.—Those who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect might as reasonably deny the sun because it is not always noon.—Guesses at Truth.

MORALITY.—Morality rests upon a sense of obligation; and obligation has no meaning except as implying a Divine command, without which it would cease to be.—J. A. Froude.

INTEMPERANCE.—Intemperance is a hydra with a hundred heads. She never stalks abroad unaccompanied with impurity, anger, and the most infamous profligacies.—Chrysostom.

GREATNESS.—True greatness does not consist so much in doing extraordinary things, as in conducting ordinary affairs with a noble demeanor and from a right motive. It is necessary and most profitable to remember the advice to Titus, "Showing all good fidelity in all things."—E. L. Magoon.

Telling Love's Sweet Story

Patience with the Living

SWEET friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender ruth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere Love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then, patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow!

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere Love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—Lover's Year-Book (Roberts Bros.).

At the Century's End

By E. Nesbit

HOW can I tell you how I love you, dear?
There is no music, now the world is old;
The songs have all been sung, the tales all told,
And all the vows broken this many a year.

Had we but met when all the world was new,
When virgin blossoms decked untrodden fields,
I had plucked all the buds that summer yields,
And woven a garland worthy even of you.

Or had I sung when rhymes were yet unwed,
And crowned their marriage in the songs I made,
I had laid them down before you unafraid,
Meet offering to your grace and goodlihead.

But all the dreams are dreamed, and no new heat
Touches life's altars—all the scents are burnt,
The truths all taught and all the lessons learnt,
And no new stars lead Kings to kiss Love's feet.

For now in this gray world, of youth bereft,
Love has no throne, no sceptre, and no crown;
His groves are hushed, his altars are cast down,
And we who worship—we have nothing left.

And yet—your lips! The god has built him there
An altar which has known no flower nor flame;
There may we burn the incense to Love's name,
There the immortal virgin rose be fair.

So—since my lips have known but one desire,
And all my flowers of life are vowed to you—
For us, at least, the old world has something new—
For me the altar and for you the fire!

—The Athenæum.

The Author of "Quo Vadis"

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ AT HOME

By William Henry Shelton

SIENKIEWICZ, the great Polish novelist, is at present the person of supreme interest in the literary world about whom the greatest curiosity is felt, and of whom little is yet known. Some of the following incidents in the life of the author of The Trilogy and Quo Vadis have been gathered by the writer in interviews with Count Bozenta Chlapowski during the present engagement of his gifted wife, Mme. Modjeska.

Of the utmost interest to those who have read With Fire and Sword and The Deluge will be the discovery that California furnished the Polish author the living originals of his two greatest characters, Pan Longin Podbipienta, the Don Quixote of Lithuania, and Zagloba, a curious and fascinating combination of Falstaff and Ulysses, of whom Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine, affirms that Sienkiewicz "has, in Zagloba, given a new character to literature."

Henryk Sienkiewicz is at the present writing fifty-three years old, he having been born in 1845 at Wola Okrejska, in Lithuania. He comes of a distinguished, but not of a titled family, which is of itself somewhat exclusive, in a country where countless nobles follow the plow and where rank does not always imply wealth or culture. Another distinguished representative of the same family is Charles Sienkiewicz, the Polish historian and late Consul in Egypt.

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Henryk Sienkiewicz first came into prominence in his own country through the publication, in the Polish Gazette of Warsaw, of his "charcoal sketches," such as The Old Servant, The Will of the Peasant, The Angel, and, I think, Hania, he having been for some years feuilleton writer on that journal. He came to America in 1876, before he was thirty years old, in the company of one Jules Sypurewski, who had been both a Turkish and German officer, and not with the Chlapowskis (Count Bozenta and his wife, Helen Modjeska), as has been so often stated, although the latter joined Sienkiewicz and his friend a few months later at a settlement which they called Anno Luni, near Los Angeles, in California. Sienkiewicz returned to Europe early in 1878, having spent less than two years in America, and that so exclusively among exiles of his own nationality that, with the exception of a few names of familiar objects, he gained no knowledge of the English language. Notwithstanding the failure of the colony of Anno Luni, his impressions of America and the Americans are said to have been agreeable, although his knowledge of the one was confined to the Pacific coast between San Francisco and Aspinwall, and his intercourse with the other was necessarily of the slightest.

On his return to Warsaw he became editor of the daily newspaper Slowo (The Word), at which post he remained for ten or twelve years, during which time he published his great work, the Polish Trilogy, consisting of three historical novels, With Fire and Sword, The Deluge, and Pan Michael. These works appeared in somewhat irregular daily installments, as they fell from the author's hand or failed to fall, and were published simultaneously in Sienkiewicz's own Warsaw paper, Slowo, in the Kraj at St. Petersburg, in the Cras at Cracow, in the Gareta at Lemberg, and in the Driennik at Posen, not to mention the translations which followed in Berlin and other European cities. The installments were brief—a few sheets, a part of a chapter, and sometimes for two or three days nothing whatever, if it happened that the author was not in a humor to write. He is said to write with the greatest facility and with a certainty of touch that leaves few corrections to be made, but that he is in no sense a systematic or a plodding worker.

Brief as was his stay in America, it is a singular and interesting fact that he found in California among his exiled countrymen the prototypes of his two greatest characters, Zagloba and Pan Longin Podbipienta, respectively, the Falstaff and the Don Quixote among the Polish Knights of the Trilogy. Captain Corvin (Zagloba), commonly called "Old Cap," and Captain Francis Podbipienta, were two old forty-niners who had become exiles in the Polish troubles of 1831 and had emigrated to America in 1840. "Old Cap" was of noble birth and entitled to the Polish name Piotrowski, and Captain Francis might have been called Wojciechowski, if such language had ever been permitted by the Vigilance Committee. Old Cap, when Sienkiewicz knew him, was a Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of San Francisco, vaporing hostility against the invasion of Chinese as Zagloba blusters before the seventeenth century enemies of Poland. Old Cap held this position through favor of his political friend, Senator Booth, where he continued to consume wine in unlimited quantities, even as Zagloba drank tipple mead, until there came a time when the doctors were obliged to cut off his grog and subject him to the humiliation of the milk cure.

It was while "Old Cap" Corvin was supposed to be enduring this treatment with equanimity that Count Bozenta chanced to pay him a visit. "Look, my friend," exclaimed the old man, holding up a brimming glass of the despised beverage, "the doctors compel me to drink that—that!" And then casting his eyes upward, "and Thou, Lord God, dost not send Thy thunder. Drink it, my friend, and save an old man from the humiliation he can hardly bear."

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His visitor was nearly strangled with the first swallow of the innocent-looking fluid, which contained more wine than milk. The original Zagloba afterward died in Paris, where he had gone to visit a married daughter, and if Captain Francis has succeeded in cutting off his three heads at a blow as Pan Longin did before the walls of Zabaraj, no doubt he, too, has paid the last debt of Nature with resignation. Pan Longin Podbipienta, the Puritan Knight of Lithuania, who fell pierced with the arrows of the Tartars while attempting to escape through their lines to bring succor to the besieged city, is Count Bozenta's favorite character.

Sienkiewicz was first married in 1880, two years after his return from America, at about the time With Fire and Sword was appearing in the daily papers, and it was while he was engaged on the last of the series, Pan Michael, that his beloved wife was removed by death, leaving him a widower with two children, Henryk, now a boy of sixteen, and a daughter, Yadviga, two years younger, who is represented beside her father in the frontispiece of some of the more recent editions of his works. In this picture it will be seen that the author's hair is turning gray on the temples, hair which was originally of a warm chestnut color, and never black, as would appear from the frontispiece with which we are most familiar—a misleading effect, doubtless produced by overprinting of the photograph submitted for reproduction.

His favorite summer home is at Zakopane, a very picturesque watering place in the Carpathian Mountains. Sienkiewicz is a very rich man for an author, most of his fortune having been accumulated by the sale of his books. While the Polish historical novels are the favorites in his own country, Quo Vadis has enjoyed a large measure of popularity, for the Poles are distinctly a religious people, of whom the Lithuanians, being the most austere, are in character not unlike our Puritans. Sienkiewicz is nominally a Catholic in faith, but is described as extremely liberal in his opinions—not an agnostic nor a skeptic in the French sense, but a man of catholic temperament, to whom religion appeals as a poetic sentiment rather than a rule of daily conduct.

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Count Bozenta, who is an enthusiastic admirer of the works of Sienkiewicz, names The Deluge as his favorite among the historical novels. He feels strongly the inadequacy of the English translations to render the fine literary style of the Polish author, whom he describes as always selecting the right word with a genius that never fails him. He complains of the popular translation of the novels as made by one who, however accomplished as a writer of English, does not speak Polish any more than Sienkiewicz speaks English, and characterizes it as a "dictionary translation."

The Count called my attention to a very amusing blunder of the translator, writing the Polish words very carefully as I give them below. In With Fire and Sword occurred the word "paliwoda," meaning a scapegrace; but as the first syllable, "pali," means he burns, and "woda" is water, it came about that "paliwoda" was rendered "waterburner." The peculiar expression constantly appearing in the translations of Sienkiewicz' works, "a number of tens," "a few tens," comes from the literal translation of the Polish substantive "driesiatka," meaning "a ten," as a score in English means twenty.

It was through the influence of the mother of his children, although some time after her death, that Henryk Sienkiewicz wrote Quo Vadis, in preparation for which he spent three months in Rome. Like its predecessors, this work was first given to the Polish public through the columns of the daily press in irregular installments.

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Getting the Whole Story.—Attorney: "I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation." Reluctant witness: "I've told you everything of any consequence." "You have told me that you said to him: 'Jones, this case will get into the courts some day.' Now, I want to know what he said in reply." "Well, he said: 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin' little yee-hawin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed shyster lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

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Profiting by Experience.—There is a certain judge in Chicago who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law. The other day he was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious. He brought in all the elementary text-books and quoted the fundamental propositions of the law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up. "Can't we assume," he said blandly, "that the Court knows a little law itself?" "That's the mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man. "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

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Tried by His Peers.—Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel, and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case. He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury, however, was composed of farmers who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and, in spite of the boy's evident weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding justice turned to Mr. Paine and remarked: "Have you any motion to make?" Mr. Paine arose, and in his dry and weighty manner answered: "No, Your Honor. I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the Constitution of the United States allow—a trial by his peers."

The World's Richest Children

FOUR WEALTHY YOUNG AMERICANS

THE four children—two boys and two girls, Josephine S., Edward P., Frederick F. A. and Freida—of Mrs. Lesley J. Pearson, the widow of Commander Frederick Pearson, U. S. N., who died in 1890, will inherit the massive fortune accumulated by their grandfather, Dr. J. C. Ayer, says a writer in The Boston Traveler. They are now, respectively, eleven, ten, nine and eight years of age, and the sum held in trust for them, consisting principally of large plots of real estate in Lowell and Boston, New York City, Philadelphia and Chicago, with the factories and good-will of the great business at Lowell, is estimated at $100,000,000.

There is every probability that when these infants (in law) reach their majority the magnificent, almost colossal, inheritance held in trust for them will amount to $50,000,000 each. There certainly are not living any other four children who have at present $25,000,000 separately invested for their benefit. Additionally, they will inherit from their mother, who possesses at least two or three millions, and possibly from their uncles, both bachelors, one of whom, Frederick F. Ayer, is worth several millions, part owner of the Trinity Building, 111 Broadway, a large stockholder in the New York Tribune, sole proprietor of the Ayer Building, New York, with interests in the Tremont and Suffolk mills, mining companies of Wisconsin and Michigan, and many other enterprises.

Mrs. Josephine Mellen Southwick Ayer, who died in Paris recently at her residence, 19 Rue Constantine, near the Invalides, in the Quarter Saint Germain, the former home of the Duc de Mouchy, controlled the largest fortune held by any woman in the world. Her income since the death of her husband, in 1878, was about a million annually, sometimes as high as one million and a third, and the $10,000,000 she left in personal property represents her savings in that length of time—that is, she expended yearly about half of her income. Her father, Royal Southwick (1795-1875), of Lowell and also Boston, a millionaire tanner, was married in 1827 to Miss Direxa Claflin, born in 1805.

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Mrs. Ayer was born on December 15, 1827. She had three brothers, Henry Clay, John Claflin and Royal, and one sister, Edna—the latter the only one now remaining of the family—who is a resident of Lowell.

James Cook Ayer, born in Broton, Connecticut, in 1818, was a clerk at a small salary in the drug store of his uncle, James Cook, at one time Mayor of Lowell, when he married Miss Josephine Southwick on November 14, 1850. He had begun preparing and selling proprietary medicines, and when he died his wares were advertised and known in every quarter of the globe. They had brought him the profit of $30,000,000. It was owing largely to his wife's advice and counsel that his commercial career was so successful.

Mrs. Ayer's daughter, Mrs. Pearson, lives at No. 3, West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, and her two sons, Frederick Fanning Ayer and Henry Southwick Ayer, reside next door, at No. 5.

Mrs. Ayer was the eighth generation from Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick, settlers from Lancashire, England (coming in the Mayflower on its seventh voyage), at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1627, who were persecuted for being Quakers, threatened with condign punishment, and finally banished to Shelter Island, eastern end of Long Island, where they died in 1660, within three days of each other. Their property was not confiscated, however, and the two sons, Daniel and Josiah, who had left for Western Massachusetts, founded the town of Southwick, in Hampden County, and rejoined their brother John and sisters Mary and Provided in the old home after the death of their parents.

One of Whittier's poems, Cassandra Southwick, tells the story of the sore tribulations of those who preferred to worship God in their own way and thereby aroused the vindictive ire and hate of the Puritans.

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Among noted members of her family now living are Dr. Alfred P. Southwick, the father of the electrocution law of New York State, connected with the university in Buffalo; George N. Southwick, Congressman from Albany; Albert P. Southwick, the author (a near relative); Louise M. Southwick, the poet; Francis H. Southwick, of Brooklyn, a prominent merchant in New York City; Clarence Southwick, editor, of Kansas City, and her nephew, Henry C. Southwick, of the McDougall and Southwick Company, of Seattle, Washington.

Mrs. Ayer had lived permanently in Paris since 1889, and no one will be more missed in the French capital. She was the most prominent member of the American colony there and one of the best-known women of that city. Her great wealth, her lavish expenditures, her brilliant entertainments, her gowns and her jewels were the talk of the faubourgs in the city on the Seine.

A prominent newspaper has said of her, "She was really a good woman, one of the most charitable and generous in the world, and those who spoke ill of her were those who had been benefited by her bounty."

With a Personal Flavor

TOLD OF CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Queen Victoria's Little Joke.—Somebody had been speaking to Her Majesty of the Republican sentiments of Sir Charles Dilke. Her Majesty remarked that she had known Dilke well in his earlier years, and had frequently taken him on her knee and stroked his hair. "But perhaps," she quietly added, "I stroked it the wrong way."

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Introducing Carl Schurz.—In campaigning a dozen years ago Carl Schurz was making speeches in the West, and Eugene Field was detailed by a Chicago paper to accompany him. In a small town in Michigan no one had been selected to introduce the speaker. Schurz and Field walked up on the platform and were greeted with a loud cheer. Schurz asked the newspaper man to introduce him, and Field, ambling to the front of the platform, said, in a very husky voice: "Ladies und shentlemens, I regred dot I haf such a sore throat dot I cannot address dis evenings. I am very sorry alretty for dis disappointment. Howefer, I am more dan blessed to tell you dot I haf with me my young yournalistic frendt, Mr. Eugene Field, of Chicago, und he vill now speak to you about steel rails."

When Field began this introduction, Schurz was puzzled, and when he concluded it the speaker of the evening looked angry. Despite Mr. Schurz's preliminary explanation that he really was Mr. Schurz, the people who heard him on that occasion have been divided in opinion as to whether the speaker was Schurz or his friend Field.

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Sharpness of Cecil Rhodes.—It is related that once, while Cecil Rhodes and a rival diamond dealer, the late Barney Barnato, were somewhere together in South Africa, Barnato had an immense quantity of diamonds in his possession and ready for sale, when Mr. Rhodes, with easy good humor, suggested that they should be photographed together with a bucket containing Mr. Barnato's diamonds between them.

This delighted Mr. Barnato, who was rather inclined to be theatrical in his effects, and forthwith a bucket was filled—filled until it was brimming over. Diamonds, however, are very easily mixed, but very difficult to sort. It took six weeks for these stones to be separated and classed by an expert and put into different packets, and during this time Mr. Rhodes put a quantity of his own diamonds on the market, whereby he forestalled and got the better of Mr. Barnato.

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Eugene Field's Children.—Little Roswell and Ruth Field seem to have inherited some of their father's originality, for they are quaint little beings, always inventing new games and stories. Not long ago little Roswell thought he would take a walk along the shore of Lake Michigan (their home is in Chicago), and of course his three-year-old sister Ruth had to follow. They evidently were playing "What are the wild waves saying?" and "Whither goest thou?" They were without wraps of any kind, and the chill winter wind blew their golden hair about their faces and almost blew them into the lake, and they were almost frozen when found two or three miles away from home.

One of the pranks of the Field children took place some time ago when the older members of the family happened to be all away from home. Roswell wanted to play soldier, so all the silver knives and forks were tied to broomsticks to make bayonets. All the little boys of the neighborhood hunted up the broom handles, and "Rosy" furnished the silver. When the regiment disbanded they carried their bayonets away with them, and it was several days before the silverware was all hunted up and brought home.

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Krupp the Cannon-Maker.—Frederick Alfred Krupp, of Essen, Germany, is the largest employer of labor in the world. On the payrolls of the great Krupp establishment are more than twenty-five thousand men. Thirty-four governments have made purchases there. Herr Krupp, the son and worthy successor of the great Krupp, is only forty-two years old. His employees live in "model houses," have schools, baths, libraries, hospitals, and pensions under his direction and cooperation. The present head of the establishment has been a member of the Reichstag, but, like his sturdy father, refuses to accept a title from the Government.

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Henry M. Stanley's Courtship.—The story of how Stanley, the explorer, wooed and won Miss Dorothy Tennant is told by The Youth's Companion. Miss Tennant, it is well known, was the original of Sir John Millais' famous picture "Yes or No?" It seems that Stanley had asked the question, and the reply was "No." The great explorer went to Africa again, and after several years returned to London to find himself the most-talked-of man of the day. The thought of Miss Tennant was still uppermost in his mind, and he resolved that his first visit should be to her home.

In his impatience for the morrow he turned over the cards and notes with which the table was strewn, and, selecting one at haphazard, decided to while away the time by attending a certain reception. The first person he met there was Miss Tennant. They greeted each other formally, but later in the evening Stanley retired to a small ante-room, to find that Miss Tennant had likewise sought solitude. A somewhat embarrassing silence ensued, broken by the woman saying, like one "making conversation": "Do you find London much changed, Mr. Stanley?"

"No, I haven't found London changed, and I've not changed either," returned the explorer with intrepidity. "Have you?"

"Yes, I've changed," answered Miss Tennant softly. A few days later Millais received a note from his former subject, beginning:

"*My Dear Sir John:* The momentous question has been at last decided. It is a joyful and triumphant 'Yes!'"

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY TENNANT.

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Getting Howells' Autograph.—William Dean Howells has adopted the rule that all applicants for his autograph must first furnish satisfactory proof that they have read his books. A Chicago girl recently wrote to the great novelist for his autograph. By return mail came a single typewritten line, "Have you bought my last book?" To which the young woman replied, "I sincerely hope so." The autograph came promptly.

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Doctor Hale's Reading.—The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale went to get registered in Boston the other day, and a young man, who did not know who he was, told him to read a passage from the Constitution of the United States as a proof that he could read. Now, Doctor Hale is very near-sighted, and had left his spectacles at home, and so his reading was somewhat lame and uncertain. The young man, during the reading, looked at him in disgust, and finally told him, with a reproving look, that if he had paid more attention to his books when a boy than he had to base-ball he would now be able to read better.

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A Novelist in a Nunnery.—Following Hamlet's advice to Ophelia, Mrs. Craigie, the novelist, better known as John Oliver Hobbes, has gone to a nunnery, having secured apartments in the great Convent of the Assumption, in Kensington Square, where she intends to spend the next two years—not as a novice, but simply as a boarder. This comfortable and spacious house is a favorite resort of single ladies in all stations of life, from foreign Royal Princesses to distinguished authoresses, who find within its walls perfect quiet, combined with sufficient freedom, the rules being virtually those of any other well-conducted boarding-house. John Oliver Hobbes' apartment is at the top of the house, and has been very artistically refurnished to suit the rather exacting taste of its present occupant.

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Barrie and the Rest Cure.—Mr. J. M. Barrie is a great advocate of an occasional rest of that nature which can be satisfactorily obtained only by spending a whole day in bed. In his opinion this will do a busy man as much good as a week at the seaside.

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Doctor Temple's Advice.—Some time ago a young curate, seeking to be licensed by Doctor Temple, the new English Archbishop, was, as is usual, bidden to read a few verses of the Bible in order that the Bishop might judge of his fitness for conducting public worship. "Not loud enough," growled the prelate, when the young man had finished. "Oh, I am sorry to hear that, my lord. A lady in church yesterday told me I could be heard at the very bottom of the church."

"Ah! Are you engaged?" queried the Bishop, shooting a keen glance from behind his bushy eyebrows. "Yes, my lord," was the reply of his candidate.

"Now listen to me, young man," roughly but kindly replied Doctor Temple. "While you are engaged to her don't believe a word she tells you; but," he added, "after you are married believe every word she says."

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When Bismarck Blundered.—Nine years ago Prince Bismarck secured the passage through the Prussian Chambers of a law providing for the establishment of a fund of one hundred million marks for the purchase of Polish estates. The great Chancellor believed that he had by this measure solved the Polish question, thinking that the nobles, the owners of the largest estates, would part with their lands and emigrate. A recently published report, however, shows that Bismarck blundered.

It had not occurred to the naive supporters of the fund that there was nothing to prevent Prussian Poles from purchasing estates from Germans. That is precisely what they have done. The Russian Government bought from a Polish noble his heavily mortgaged estate and disposed of it to a German colonist, but the Polish nobleman, with the money he had obtained from the German Government, proceeded to acquire a German estate and again gather around him a number of Polish laborers. The only effect of the Bismarck fund has been to improve the financial position of embarrassed Polish landed proprietors in the province of Posen.

Literary Favorites of a Day

TRANSIENT SUCCESS OF POPULAR BOOKS

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

CRITICISM on English writers," said Fitzgerald to Mrs. Kemble, "is likely to be more impartial across the Atlantic and not biased by clubs, coteries, etc." True as this is, the American critic is always limited by knowing that what he writes will probably not be read in England, and therefore will not reach the persons most concerned. It is not strange if the English author judges America by his balance-sheet, since it is his only point of contact with our readers. The late Mr. Du Maurier had reason to think well of a public that yielded him $50,000; and though it was freely pointed out here that his style was meretricious, his theme dubious, his title borrowed from Nodier, his group of three Englishmen from Dumas, and his heroine, pretty feet and all, from Delvaux's *Les Amours Buissonières*—all this naturally did not trouble him, particularly as it never reached him. In the same way the authors who have come here to lecture have inevitably gauged each place by their own audiences, as did Matthew Arnold, who thought that Worcester, Massachusetts, must be a small and trivial town because he had but few to hear him and was left at a hotel, but regarded Haverhill as a great and promising city because he was entertained at a private house and had a good audience.

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The trade wind of prestige still blows from Europe hither; the American author does not expect money from England, for instance, but values its praise or blame; while the Englishman is glad of the money but cares little for the criticism, since he rarely sees it, or is influenced by it.

What is hard for authors, foreign or native, to understand is that fame is apt to be most transitory where it is readiest, and that they should make hay while the sun shines. A year ago the booksellers' monthly returns, as seen in The Bookman and elsewhere, gave the leadership in the book sales of every American city to English or Scotch books; now one sees the recent American books by F. Hopkinson Smith or Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, for example, leading in every town. There is no deep principle involved—only a casual change, like that which takes athletic prizes for a few years from one college and gives them to another. Novels and even whole schools of fiction emerge and disappear like the flash or darkening of a revolving light in a lighthouse; you must use the glimpse while you have it. "The highways of literature are spread over," says Holmes, "with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public, and is done with." Each foreign notability, in particular, should bear in mind on his arrival the remark of Miss Berry's Frenchman about a waning beauty who was declared by her to be still lovely. "Yes; but she has only a quarter of an hour to be so" (*'Elle n'a qu'un quart d'heure pour l'être'*).

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The bulk of English fiction fortunately never reaches this country, and the bulk of American fiction as fortunately never reaches England. The exceptions are often wayward and very often inexplicable. Who can understand why the forgotten novel called The Lamplighter had a wider English circulation than any American book had hitherto conquered except Uncle Tom's Cabin? or why The Wide, Wide World achieved such a success as still to retain its hold on English farmhouses? They were no better than the works of a "native author named Roe," and probably not so good. In this country the authors who have achieved the most astounding popular successes are, as a rule, now absolutely forgotten. I can remember when Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., received by far the largest salary then paid to any author, and Dr. J. H. Robinson spent his life in trying to rival him. The vast evangelical constituency which now reads Ben Hur then read Ingraham's Prince of the House of David; the boys who read Oliver Optic then read Mayne Reid. Those who enjoy Gunter and Albert Ross then enjoyed, it is to be presumed, the writings of Mr. J. W. Buel, whose very name will be, to most readers of to-day, unknown. His Beautiful Story reached a sale of nearly 300,000 copies in two years; his Living World and The Story of Man were sold to the number of nearly 250,000 each, and were indorsed by Gladstone and Bismarck. This was only ten years ago, for in 1888 he received for copyright $33,000, and in 1889, $50,000; yet I can now find no book of reference or library catalogue that contains his name. Is it not better to be unknown in one's lifetime and yet live forever by one poem, like Blanco White, with his sonnet called Life and Light—or by one saying, like Fletcher of Saltoun, with his "I care not who makes the laws of a people, so I can make its ballads"—than to achieve such evanescent splendors as this?

It is not more than sixty years since Maria Edgeworth rivaled Scott in English and American popularity, and Scott's publisher, James Ballantyne, says that he could most gratify the author of Waverly when he could say: "Positively this is equal to Miss Edgeworth." Forty years ago Frederika Bremer's works were in English-speaking countries the object of such enthusiasm that publishers quarreled for the right to reproduce them in English, and old friendships in some instances were sundered by the competition to translate them.

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At that time all ambitious young men who wished for a brilliant social career still took for their models either Pelham or Vivian Grey; and I remember that a man of fine intellect, who had worked in a factory till he was eighteen, once told me that he had met with no intellectual influence to be compared with that exerted upon him by Bulwer's novels. The historical tales of G. P. R. James were watched for by thousands of eager readers, and his solitary horseman rode through the opening page among the plaudits of the myriad hearts. Dickens laughed all these away, as Cervantes smiled away Spain's chivalry; and now Dickens himself is set aside by critics as boisterous in his fun and maudlin in his sentiment. All this teaches us that fame is, in numberless cases, the most fleeting of all harvests; that it is, indeed, like parched corn, which must be eaten while it is smoking hot or not at all.

If, however, an author holds his public by virtue of his essential thought, rather than by his mode of utterance, he may achieve the real substance of fame, although his very name be forgotten, because that thought may transfuse other minds. Many men, like Channing and Parker, make their views to permeate the thoughts of their time, that, while their books pass partially out of sight, their work goes on. Five different reprints of Channing's Self-Culture appeared in London in a single year, and the English issue of Parker's works remains the only complete one. Again, writers of equal ability may vary immensely in their power of producing quotable passages on which their names may float. No one can help noticing the number of pages occupied by Pope, for instance, in every dictionary of quotations—a number quite out of proportion to his real ability or fame. The same was formerly true of Young's Night Thoughts, and Thomson's Seasons, now rarely opened. Many of the most potent thinkers, on the other hand, are in the position of that General Clive, once famous for his wealth and gorgeous jewelry, whom Walpole excused for alleged parsimony on the ground that he probably had about him "no small brilliants."

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In these various ways a man escapes, perhaps forever, from the personal renown that should be his. Even if he gains this, how limited it is, at the best! Strictly speaking, there is no literary fame worth envying, save that of Shakespeare's—and Shakespeare's amounted to this, that Addison wrote An Account of the Greatest English Poets in which his name does not appear; and that of the people one meets in the streets of any city, the majority will not even have heard of him.

"How many thousand never heard the name
Of Sidney or of Spenser, and their books;
And yet, brave fellows, and presume of fame,
And think to bear down all the world with looks."

Happy is that author, if such there be, who, although his fame be as small as that of Thoreau in his lifetime, does not greatly concern himself about it, being so occupied with some great thought or hope for man that his own renown is a matter of slight importance. It is for this that Whittier always expressed thanks to the anti-slavery agitation, because it kept him free from the narrowness of a merely literary ambition. The only absolutely impregnable attitude is in that fine invocation of the radical Proudhon: "Thou God, who hast placed in my heart the sentiments of justice before my reason comprehended it, hear my ardent prayer. . . . . May my memory disappear as a dewdrop if humanity may be free!"

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He who is thinking only of himself and of the royalty on his books must watch tremblingly over his own fame, and shudder at every adverse breath; he is like an actor, who hears his doom in every shrinkage of applause from the galleries. But the man whose thoughts are fixed elsewhere is better occupied; if he sees the torch carried onward, what matter who carries it? "Still lives the song though Regnar dies"; and it will not trouble him though a generation of critics go to their graves, as Lady Holland said of Lady Cork, "full of bitterness and good dinners."—The Independent.

The American and His Money

SOME OF OUR NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

NO, I the present time cares so much for lavish expenditure as the American. Not so much that he cares for enormous amounts, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, but he wishes to live freely and spend what he desires.

This is rapidly penetrating all classes, the agricultural as well as the trading, and the laboring as positively as the employing. In proportion to their income, no class spends so much on dress as the poor laborers of both sexes.

This is far from being an unmitigated evil, as those who are beginning to rise in the world must naturally feel expansive; and while the extreme is to be regretted it would be a pity if the opposite extreme were substituted. No good could come from impecunious or miserly habits in the poor.

Most of this class in the United States is foreign born, and has lived under depressing influences. If you take a plant that delights to open flower buds, out of the shade into the sun, you will get very rapid unfolding. I cannot see the history of our alien friends in any other light. They have escaped from these deep shadows of helpless poverty. But notwithstanding their love for finery, the foreign population is money saving in the long run. Our farms fall speedily into their hands, and our mills and our stores.

The real spendthrift is the native born. For the present, at least, I do not use the word spendthrift offensively. Go the length and breadth of America, and everywhere closeness is ceasing to be a characteristic of the people.

Fifty years ago there still remained a generation accustomed to rigid economy. Their garments were intended to last for half a lifetime. Many an old man was buried in his wedding coat, and many an old woman at her golden wedding wore her bride's dress of fifty years before. They had methodical had no garments later, or as fine. It was a curious sight to see such people resist innovation, and live contentedly for a year on a sum that their children would spend in a week. The advent of railroads, daily papers, books, telegraphs, created a revolution. The last age succeeded a slow one.

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The first result was squandering. The property accumulated by pennies by the fathers shed away in dollars from the sons. That generation simply did not any longer care for the cents. A curious illustration was seen in the children. A boy of 1840 or 1850 who received a penny was delighted with it as a treasure; but if you will try the experiment of giving a penny to the average boy of 1895 you will discover that you have insulted him. Will not a penny buy as much as formerly? Rather more. It will at least secure a stick of candy, or, if laid away, five of them, he is capable of understanding, will make a nickel, and twenty nickels will make a dollar. But do not imagine that our average boy cares for your mathematics. You may save your breath. He will never consent to get at his wealth by this slow process. He has the new American contempt for small things.

The Pacific Railroad and Atlantic cable, and a dozen lines of swift steamers and ironclads, are in his blood. He is not only the son of John Smith, but the son of the great go-ahead American nation. He cannot look at things as the people used to look. As he grows up, all old things pass away from his vision; behold, all things are new. The peaceable old farmhouse, and its grubbing ways, are detestable to him, or at least only good as a reminder of a practical bit of out-dated pastor[illegible]. He could [illegible] to get up at five, forego novels and newspaper, and read his Bible daily, and say grace, and hear three long sermons in a week. Even his religion is changed. What cares he for the dear old well-spun theology of a quieter age. He would as soon bring the spinning wheel back in his parlor and expect his wife and daughters to spin and weave. It would not be possible for him to see any advantage in going backward. His eyes are on his forehead, he can only see ahead.

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Nevertheless, we have not engaged ourselves in this revolution without involving ourselves in inherent and universal evils. The American nation is not only fast in its native genius, and fast in overcoming a continent, and building churches, and schools, and a press, and literature, but it is fast in other ways, and in some ways to be [illegible].

We have learned to win wealth in large sums, and to spend it easily. In other words, the spirit of the gambler is upon us.

Speaking of the Chicago wheat squeeze in sharp terms to a prominent business man, he quietly replied: "Don't you think, if you saw the way open to make a couple of millions in a day, you would do it yourself?" The question actually took my breath away, for I do not know what I should do. I know that I abhor the deed as I see it was done by another, and I am quite honest in repudiating it, but have I not the fast age in me?

Indeed I am sure I should very much like to make two millions out of nothing; and if the chance were before me, well, I would as soon not be tested. We must certainly count in our heredity in these calculations. The deed is a bad one, but morally our society had on the door, and the extenuating enormous consonantally. It is a refined robbery. But there the facts are. It is the age's spirit. We could endure one or two monstrosities in the way of gambling, but we are altogether of the same sort. We are not sure of ourselves, morally, that we will not do a seriously wicked thing in order to secure a large amount of money.

Mark, I do not say a small amount of money. What we think we would be sure of getting, without too much trouble, some other way. I think most of us would be willing to wait for that is, if we knew that we should earn two million dollars within a year by honest business, I think most of us would forego corners and squeezes. But then comes in the question, What is a large sum?

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Not long before the last election I wished to see at what rate a man of ordinary moral strength would sell his vote. I shall not tell you what was said, only that I am confident that you can buy a very honest vote for $25. I mean that the average vote, after taking out the marketable stock, is still purchasable, not always with money, but with office, or influence or otherwise. "Slander," you cry? To be sure it is slander—still there are not many votes that cannot be biased by strong enough influences.

Do you think that a foreign mission would make you think and feel differently on the tariff question[illegible] my mean thing of m[illegible] said? Don't you think a Cabinet position in perspective would considerably bias my vote? But what do you think about the two-million dollar squeeze? Am I not capable of such an enormity? But, on the whole, is it not comforting to know that it takes two million dollars to make rogues of some of us? I confess to a sort of self-congratulation because I am sure that one thousand dollars would be no temptation—nor even ten thousand dollars.

It is not money to use that we want, but money we can not use. There is pleasure in being known as a millionaire; but we want millions just as we might want billions if some one else had them.

But I am afraid we are not through turning this subject around and about; for here comes in what I call the second great penetrating evil of our generation, we do not understand the value of money. A man's well being, after all, depends very much on his knowing how to use money wisely.

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Right down at the bottom of every boy's success, and of his manhood, is the ability to be economical without parsimony and liberal without weakness. I would rather my boy should have a bank book in which is recorded a fair share of his earnings, than that he should be able to read Virgil, without a dollar to his name.

When I hire a man I try, first of all, to get him to bank a part of his wages. Then I am hiring a capitalist with self-respect. But if he spends as fast as he gets, I am doubtful of his fitness to handle my property or look out for my interests. The love of money may be the root of all evil; but the wise valuation of money is the root of all character socially.

The third point that troubles me is that, with all the rest, we have lost the love of work in proportion as we have gained the morbid love of money. I do not say that to work is always a blessed thing, but somehow it is a part of the economy of Nature that no one can be blessed without work.

Every one must love something, and there is more salvation and less damnation in having to work than in anything else that I can think of. Some people overdo it. Our Puritans of New England could never keep still. No more can we, only they must work themselves and we like to set others at work. We have not lost the mania for work, but for working. It is hard for a genuine spectator to hold still for systematic labor. He wishes to rush things.

A very large percentage of the rage of the professional "laborer" is his desire to quit working and have a chance at the big piles. The anarchist is perfectly willing to be a capitalist but he hates those who are such. He is generally a foreigner who lacks the inherited instinct to stand up and win. He knows no way but to shoot down the winner. He gets his satisfaction, not in having the money, but in hating the man who has it. But he is really only another pattern of the money maniac. He does not corner wheat, but he corners society.

In Passing

By Ernest McGaffey

I [illegible]
Yhosfo
I [illegible]
[illegible]
And ever as my footsteps stray
By shore, hill and sea
A myriad memories stand up
And say, lo, my shadow there.

Sometimes in pride I [illegible]
As [illegible]
[illegible]
Swift [illegible]
[illegible]
Least ghosts of gray sorrow
Evoked [illegible]

Oh! winding years that mend my path
Like mirrors flash and fade
Once always and [illegible]
The watch without
Some night or day some [illegible]
"Avaunt you! Down! Beware!"
Reveals in one decisive flight
My shadow passing there.

Poems (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

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The Story the Fiddle Told

PLEADING WITH THE GOVERNOR

By Nora C. Franklin

IT WAS the close of a day in the early part of December. The Governor sat alone in his private office.

The Christmas season was a busy and responsible one with him, for he chose that time to investigate the criminal records of the State and pardon such prisoners as good conduct or extenuating circumstances placed within the pale of Executive clemency.

If questioned as to the selection of the holiday season for the exercise of the "benign prerogative" he would answer with a kindly smile of love and sympathy. "Oh, I may be helping to turn the tide in the soul of some Paul, and I have a fancy to do it when peace and good will are most likely to be at the flood—that's all."

Whether this were all, and it were not in response to some deeper sentiment, those who knew him best alone could say.

That night as he looked at the piles of mail matter on his desk yet to be disposed of, he pushed back his chair with a smothered groan and started to the door, moved by a wild impulse to get outside and turn the key on it all, but something lying on the floor attracted his attention.

He remembered the clerk having mentioned a package from the State prison—this must be it—and pushed it impatiently aside; but as he did so something in the coffin-shaped outlines made him tear away the cover.

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He found, to his amazement, a violin, and appended to it a soiled pencil-written note, evidently an appeal of some kind.

Detaching the note from its fastenings, he crossed the room to the window, and by the waning light of the winter's day deciphered the illiterate text:

"*To the Guvner.* They tell me that yer Hart gits ten ler to Prawnty at chrismus time and I wish to listen to what they has to say. I've been here twenty yer kaltin a man and I've been sorry every day se I done it. I was a hot headed boy at 20 and the man called pap a liar and sed things agin mam. I cud but now always stand that and I no ked him down he was a pore sickly complected tenderfoot and he never got up again. I never meant to kill him but my fist was heavy and sum mad things inside uv me sicked me on. They never give me no sort of a Trial but jest put me in Here for Life. His folks was rich and mine was pore and couldn't pay no lawyer. pap is gone blind and mam is old and they aint got nobody to look after them but Josee. Josee is the gal that was goin to marry me. She left her home when they sent me Hear and went to look after the old Folks seines they was born. If I could git back to Josee and the old folks and the mountains I'de never lift my hand agin no man agen cryin law to help him, so help me God.

"They tel me as how you kin make a Fiddle like all the children puts down their playthings and follers yer, Guvner. I sends mine along at this what I made when I was a boy back in the mountains the same I koled my gal with and played for mam and pap round the fire sunday evenings, shes aged along with me but she kep her voice sweet and strong yit.

"Take her Guvner and set down by yourself in the stil uv the evenin and let her tak to you fer me. I aint afeered she'll forget nuthin, the old home on the side uv the mountain and mam and pap and Josee a settin ther a-waitin these 20 years fer the Boy thes wouldn't let go their holt uv nor quit lovin no matter what he did. No she'l not forgit nuthin, shes too much like them wimmen shel be telling you about. Seems like she knows things as well as I do. Praps ans shes ben cryin agin my Hart so long, and it all can't tell you nuthin Guvner let her talk to yer. Wife Is the 4 Wommen shel be I trusts.

That's all. Its tuk me 2 weeks to write this letter. Goodby. God go with the old Fiddle an help yer to tell it state. ABNER HART."

When the Governor turned away from the window there was a look on his face that few except his wife had ever seen there.

He lifted the violin carefully from the floor, tore away its wrappings and looked at it long and curiously. It was roughly made of native pine and maple and varnished with the home-made varnish of the mountains, but the strings gave back the true viol tone, clear and ringing.

Bringing his chair closer to the grate, he placed the instrument in position, drew the bow, and there "in the still of the evening let her talk to him."

He had once been a mountain boy himself, and as the first soft notes fell on the air, plaintive and piercing like the cry of the whip-poor-will in the early spring, he felt youth stir in him and heard the far call of the hills.

He saw the log cabin high up against the side of the mountain where the laurel and sumac grow and the ash made bright the scene with its dark fruit; where the breeze came laden with the odor of pine from the forests, and the birds touched the highest notes in their shrill treble.

He saw the boy with his sturdy limbs, his bold blue eyes and wavy hair, bare-footed and scantily clad, searching for the earliest berries in summer and the first nut in the fall; free, joyous, innocent, happy.

He followed him in the "long, long thoughts" of a lad across the distant crest of Mount Alto, and wove with him mystic dreams amid the shades of the haunted ravine.

He sat with him at the feet of the mountain lass and listened while he poured the crude poetry of his awakened soul into the sensitive instrument which alone could interpret the mystery within him.

He stood beside him and watched the blazing pine knots roar up the cabin chimney, while the old folks looked at each other with that surreptitious tenderness of the eyes which takes the place with the grown gray together, of open demonstration.

He saw the whole twenty-two years of clean, humble living, the aspiring pastoral life of the Southern mountaineer companioned of Nature, simple, fearless, brave, scornful of the false, reverent of the true; tender to weakness, fierce to wrong, [illegible] uncontrolled as the elements around him, crushing, in some mad strength any obstacle then standing in awful recoil before unknown possibilities of his nature.

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Full and swelling were the strains that issued from the throat of the violin as it told this idyl of the hills, passionate, harmonious, pulsating like the overcharged heart; long, tender, yearning notes, sweet cross[illegible] andantes, the very spirit of love.

But now the music changed. Youth's glad symphony is lost in the wild major chords of passion. Note dashes note like the hail against a pane. All the tumult of the mountains, the forest, the soaring stream when storms rend the Heavens is sounded in that mad chromatic ascending to its climax.

All of Nature's after penance breathes in the sinking minor of the descending scale; surely that was a human sob that rang through the room; a hollow-mortal's burst of sympathy. No, it was just the old fiddle, who "knew things" because she had been so long ag'in his heart.

And now from out her quivering strings she sends forth a melody so divinely pure, so immeasurably sweet, that the coldest ear must open to receive it.

In it are the prayers of mothers, the tears of wives, the sobs of little children—all of unlanguaged pain and love.

It is the echo of that song which beats forever against the throne of God, in tender, tireless cadence—the united voices of women pleading for the souls of men.

The violin slips from the Governor's hands and his head sinks upon his breast.

The old fiddle has "told her story straight."

When witnesses were found who corroborated the statements of the prisoner, and the jail warden's certificate to twenty years' exemplary behavior, the Governor sent for Abner Hill to be brought to his private office.

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The day he expected him, the Governor placed the violin in a conspicuous position on the desk.

There was ushered into his presence a tall, angular man with the worn face and stooping shoulders, not of forty, but of three score years, hair scanty, muscles flabby, eyes dull, nothing to show youth but the fire that crept into his sunken cheeks when the servant announced his name. A single stroke of sin and its after writing on the brain had done the work of twice twenty years.

The Governor called his name and something in the kindly accents gave him courage to look up.

Something else in the homely, humorous face, that no man ever looked into without loving, gave him courage to speak, and his eyes caught sight of the violin.

Reaching a trembling hand out to his dumb friend as though for confidence, he whispered hoarsely:

"Guvner, what did she tell you for me? What did my old fiddle tell ye?"

The Governor waited for a moment, perhaps to steady his voice, then, laying both hands on the shoulders of the other, his eyes reading with a father's tenderness the piteous, expectant face, he said:

'Abner, she says—the old fiddle says—that you can go back to the mountains. And, my man, may God go with you!'"

The convict stood for a moment like one struck dumb, a womanish pallor overspreading his cheek, then, with a cry that his listener never forgot, he threw his arms around his liberator and sobbed like a child.

The Governor was not ashamed to admit that something tightened in his throat and that he felt the tears come unbidden to his eyes.—From Lippincott's Magazine.

Reminiscences of Lord Tennyson

By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D.

Dean of Canterbury

LORD TENNYSON wrote one quatrain at my request and I had the very high honor of suggesting to him the subject of one of his finest poems, "St. Telemachus."

The quatrain was in honor of Caxton. When I was rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the printers of London gave me a beautiful stained glass window in memory of the first English printer, who lies buried in the church, and whose signature occurs in its records as an auditor of its accounts. I wanted to place four lines under the window, and asked the Laureate to write them for me, suggesting that he might make them turn on Caxton's motto, *Fiat Lux*. I was with him when he wrote them in his room at the Deanery of Westminster, and witnessed, so to speak, their birth throes until he became satisfied with them. He declared that they had cost him more trouble than many a substantive poem. They are

"Thy prayer was 'Light more Light' while Time shall last
Thou sawest a glory growing on the night
But not the shadows which that light would cast
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light."

Quatrains were afterward written for me, and may be still read, engraved under the windows which I had erected in the Church of the House of Commons in memory of many great men, by Lowell, Whittier, Robert Browning, Sir L. Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, O. W. Holmes, Lord Lytton, and the Archbishop of Armagh. Many of them were good and striking, but not one of them equals the quatrain of Tennyson.

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The poem of St. Telemachus originated thus: Lord Tennyson, one day when I was walking with him, asked me to suggest to him the subject of a poem. After thinking a moment I suggested the story of St. Telemachus leaping down into the amphitheatre, and by his self-devoted martyrdom putting an end forever to the hideous butcheries of the gladatorial games—a scene which I have since described in my Gathering Clouds. To my surprise he had never heard the story, and was much struck with it. He asked me to send him when I returned, all the authorities on the subject. That was easily done, for it rests on the single authority of the Greek ecclesiastical historian, Theodoret. I sent him the passage in the original Greek, and he clothed it in the magnificent poem which may be found in almost his latest volume, The Death of Œnone, and Other Poems.

The last poem I ever heard him read was Locksley Hall Revisited. As he read it he flung singular pathos into the famous lines

"Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the time,
City-children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
There, among the gloaming alleys, Progress halts with weary feet;
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street."

But as he read he occasionally interpolated an explanatory remark, and was careful to impress upon us that the poem was dramatic in character, and did not necessarily in all respects express his personal views upon the subject.

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It is a matter of humble satisfaction to me that Lord Tennyson was greatly interested both in my Life of Christ and my sermons on Eternal Hope. The latter had a special attraction for him, because they formulated a view which he had always held and respecting which he had expressed his entire sympathy with my late friend and [illegible], Professor Maurice, in these lines:

"[illegible] of that true Love
To feed a wolf's low
Should all our brethren foam in spite
At you, we care not, of the right
Yet one lay hearth would give us room
Take it and come to the Isle of Wight."

But Lord Tennyson's views, though not dogmatic, inclined to larger hopes than any which I had dared to formulate. He considered that if a single soul were to be left in what are called "endless torments," that if the old, coarse, cruel conception, once unhappily universal, of hell as a hideous torture chamber of eternal vivisection, were true even for one single soul—it would be a blot upon the universe of God, and the belief in it would be an impugning of His Infinite Mercy. This he expresses beautifully in In Memoriam:

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Shall be the final goal of ill
For faults of nature, sins of will
Fate, time, and circumstance, and thought;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete."

and Lagon in the person of the poor victim in his despair:

We watch'd for a Sun that was coming would [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] madden'd the [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
Fate [illegible] that *seemed* but the [illegible]

And all his deep-seatedness of mind the poet was always sensible to the humorous, and he told me, with much amusement, the Eton story of a farmer who, after hearing a red-hot sermon of hell-ending fire, and being asked in the style of Jonathan Edwards or Father Furniss, to record his wife quite shortly with the answer, remarked, "Never mind Sally, that must be wrong, no constitution could stand it."

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The impression I felt by one conversation which is still vivid in my memory. We were walking alone, up and down a long walk in the garden at Freshwater, and discussing a theme respecting which we were certain at one, namely, the very limited nature of our knowledge, and how easily we deceive ourselves into the notion that we know many things of which the reality is entirely hidden from us. "What we know is little, what we are ignorant of is immense." While we were thus talking he stooped down and plucked one of the garden flowers beside the path. "How utterly ignorant we are of all the laws that underlie the life of even this single flower!" he said. This line of thought was exactly the same as that which he expressed so finely in the striking poem:

"If I were in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

"But yet," he said, "this one flower, taken by itself, is quite sufficient to tell us all that it is most essential for us to know. It proves to us the love of God."

I will only mention two more reminiscences. When the Poet Laureate's brilliant son, Lionel, whose early death in India caused him so much grief, was married in Westminster Abbey to Miss Locker Lampson (now Mrs. Augustine Birrell), the ceremony was to have been performed by the poet's old friend, Dean Stanley. But, unhappily, when the day came, to his own deep regret and that of every one else, the Dean was ill in bed and was unable to be present. It therefore fell to me to marry them. The marriage service was chiefly read at the lectern, and the assemblage of notabilities was one of the most remarkable which I have ever witnessed. All the great nobility, especially of the Liberal party, were present, including Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, both of whom signed the marriage register. Of the "celebrities" in the world of science, literature and art, few were absent. Every glance one took showed the face of some one whom it was interesting to see.

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As the throng was very large the Dean had arranged that places should be reserved for the Poet Laureate, Mrs. Tennyson, and their son Hallam, who was with them, and that they should come in at the last moment by the little side door in the north transept of the nave—a door which is scarcely ever used, and which in the minute symbolism of Ritual churches is supposed by some to be made for the exit of the Evil Spirit, expressed by the baptism of infants at the words of exorcism "Depart thou unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy One." The door was to have been left ajar. I went for the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson, but by some accident this had been overlooked. The bell could be heard in the last main, the ushers were all standing ready, the [illegible] door was closed. I did not see the Father, mother and brother of the bridegroom, but they might be easily overlooked in such a multitude, and I naturally assumed that they were present. The service began and I was just at the words, "I pronounce that they be man and wife together," when I noticed Mrs. Tennyson entering the choir. Finding the door locked by which they were to have been admitted they were under great difficulties, since it is not easy for strangers to find their way about the precincts. They came, I suppose through the Deanery, round by Deans Yard and so by the Abbot's private entrance, and I was particularly glad that they came in just in time to hear the blessings pronounced upon the wedded pair. Mrs. Tennyson was a great invalid, and it was a touching sight to see her entering supported by the Poet Laureate and her son, upon whose arm she leaned.

After the ceremony the chief guests went into the Jerusalem Chamber for the signing of the register. It was a most impossible to secure a passage for the distinguished personages who were to sign as witnesses. After securing the signatures of Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll I had to find Mr. Tennyson—it was not till afterward that he received his title—and steer him to the book. He was short-sighted, and the Jerusalem Chamber, always somewhat dark, was still more so from its densely crowded condition. As I held his arm and led him along a lady held out her hand with a warm "How are you, Mr. Tennyson? I am glad that you got in just in time." "Oh how do you do?" he answered. "I have not the least idea who you are." "I am Mrs. Lewes," she said with a smile. It was his friend and neighbor George Eliot; but (as he stopped to explain) he could hardly distinguish her features in the crowd and somewhat dim light of the ancient famous chamber, and had not, at the moment, recognized her voice. This was the only time I had the pleasure of seeing George Eliot.

My last visit to Lord Tennyson was when he was old, infirm and very near his end. My friend, the late distinguished and brilliant Dr. Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, was in England, and though he would not stay at my house—as he moved about constantly, and preferred to be quite free—I saw him almost daily. I was going to Aldworth to spend a day with Lord and Lady Tennyson, and knowing that the poet knew the Bishop, and that it would be a great pleasure to them both to meet again I asked leave to bring him with me. Lord Tennyson's carriage met us at the station, and after a lovely drive we reached the house. The poet looked very worn and very ill; but we spent a delightful day with him, almost entirely in the open air, sitting and walking in the garden with him and his son Hallam, who devoted many years of his life to the care of his father, and to watching over his health and happiness with most tender and assiduous devotion.

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We talked of many of the deepest subjects of human interest, and he read us some of those short poems which came out in his last volume. Just before we left, the Bishop asked him, with many apologies, if he would kindly sign his name in a volume of his poems, which he had brought for that purpose. He did not generally like writing his autograph, but he at once assented, and not without a little physical difficulty wrote his name on the title-page. After a very kindly farewell he sent us back to the station in his carriage. As we drove out of the gates the Bishop turned to me, and I turned to him, with the very same words upon our lips, "We shall never see him again!"

It was true. Lord Tennyson shortly afterward ended the noble, simple life, during which, for nearly half a century, he had held the unquestioned rank of the greatest poet of his time, and in which he had so greatly "enriched the blood of the world."

This was also the last day which I spent with my dear and honored friend, Phillips Brooks. How little I could have believed that a man so full of vigor, much younger than I, and so splendid a specimen of a man, would be called away in so short a time.

I was with Lord Tennyson the night before he first took his seat in the House of Lords. I witnessed the grand and simple dignity with which he advanced to sign his name in the list of Peers. Never was a man less elated with the pride which more vulgar natures might have displayed even against their will. A noble name could add but little lustre to the character so natural, so manly and so noble as that of this great teacher of his age.—The Independent.

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A Street-Arab Governor.—The career of the new Governor of Alaska, John Green Brady, is a fine example of the limitless possibilities in American life for business, political and intellectual success. He started life in New York City as a veritable street arab, but fortune came his way, and, in the person of some humane society, rescued him from his demoralizing environment, and, with a number of other boys, sent him out to Indiana to find a home. When the train arrived at Tipton a certain Judge John Green went to the car and asked for the "ugliest, raggedest and most friendless boy" in the crowd. "Jack" was produced.

The good Judge seemed to have got even more than he anticipated, for it is said that he at first refused to take the lad. But he finally agreed to try him, and when the boy was sent to school he did so well that he was afterward sent to Harvard and then went to England and took a course in theology.

On his return to America he went as a missionary to Alaska, where, besides his regular evangelistic work, he made a careful study of the resources and natural history of the Territory, so that his knowledge was used more than once by the Government for scientific purposes, and afterward he was appointed Governor by President Harrison.

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Madame Ronner's Cats.—The usual way in which Madame Henriette Ronner, the famous cat painter, works is by placing a cat on a glass case made for the purpose, with cushions which invite the animal to assume a natural position. What is more remarkable is the fact that one never sees a cat in her house. Whenever Madame Ronner wants to paint one she has a model brought to her.

Great Men at Close Range

IT HAS been said or sung that all men are more or less insane, differing only in degree, says the London Standard. Certainly those who are considered insane, in which category the gentle reader is included, are liable to hallucinations; and it depends upon the extent to which we give way to, or believe in, the illusions of the brain, whether we walk abroad or are placed in a padded room.

Byron often received visits from a spectre, but he knew it to be a creation of the imagination. Pope saw an arm apparently come through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner. Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him. Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his armchair till sunrise. Dr. Jonson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city many miles away.

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Nicolai was alarmed by the appearance of a dead body, which vanished and came again at intervals. This was followed by human faces, which came into the room and after gazing upon him for a while, departed. None [illegible] were among the faces that he [illegible] to speak, and he describes their conversation as brief and agreeable. Such visions would cause many to lose their reason, but Nicolai knew they were but the effects of indigestion.

Bostok, the physiologist, saw similar figures and faces, and after recovering from a momentary surprise set himself to study the habits and customs of his curious visitors. This he had ample opportunity to do, as they remained with him three days and nights. There was one human face constantly before him for twenty-four hours, the features and headgear as distinct as those of a living person, yet having no resemblance to any one he had ever known. Finally, the phantom disappeared to make way for troops of little human figures, which disported themselves like Lilliputians for his entertainment.

The effects of the illusions of some men have been felt in history. Religions have been founded on the words of men supposed to have been inspired but who were merely suffering from a form of madness which medical science calls "ecstasy." Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in England. In 1806 General Rapp having important news, entered the Emperor's apartment unannounced, and found the great warrior in a rapt attitude, gazing at the ceiling. The General made an intentional noise whereupon Napoleon seized his arm and said excitedly, "Look up there!" He looked and saw nothing. "Why," said the Emperor, "do you not see it? It is my star—it is before you beaming; it has never deserted me. I see it on every great occurrence urging me onward; it is an unfailing omen of success."

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Some men have been inspired to persevere in their life's work by self-conjured illusions. Loyola, lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna, saw the Virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission. Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self-destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a young woman of wondrous beauty. This spirit returned later and consoled him on other occasions when he was low spirited. Descartes was followed by an invisible person whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after truth.

Many have fondly clung to their illusions, and though reasonable in most things have at least been distinctly mad in one. Tasso firmly believed that he had a familiar genius, whose great delight and chief recreation was to converse with him. His friend, J. B. [illegible] tried to persuade him of his illusion, [illegible] upon the poet offered to introduce his unbelieving friend to the spirit. But though he often heard Tasso in conversation with the imaginary being, it never made itself visible to other eyes. Few believe that Luther actually held a warm discussion with an important personage from the other world, yet that he believed it himself we have his word for, and he has even left on record some account of the dispute, from which it would appear that his opponent is not so wily as we have been led to believe.

Count Emanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world. Jean Engelbrecht was under a similar impression. Zimmerman was for some time in constant fear of an imaginary enemy whom he expected to arrive at any moment, break into, and wreck his dwelling. The perpetrators of crime have often been brought to justice through giving way to the illusions caused by an uneasy conscience. The imagination of the thief converts each bush into an active and intelligent officer. King Theodoric could not endure the Senator Symmachus a good and virtuous man, so he caused him to be put to death. But after this proceeding he lost his accustomed high spirits, took to looking gloomy and soliloquizing apart. One day at dinner on a fish being served, he thought he saw the head of Symmachus attached to the body, and this illusion caused his death.

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Might of Circumstance

By Zitella Cocke

WHENCE is thy might, O Circumstance,
That thy dread clutch a human soul,
A destiny, may seize? What chance
Or power doth fix thy stern control?

As petals in the calyx set,
As gems wrought into metal's clasp,
As gold ensnared in iron net—
So are we held within thy grasp!

May we not do, shall we not dare,
If thy command doth say us nay?
Shall life sink aimless in despair
When thou dost mock the prayers we pray?

Art thou relentless? Far beyond
Thy menace rises dauntless will,
Which dares to break thy ruthless bond,
And nobler destiny fulfill!

A craven he, who owns thy thrall,
And yields his life to thy dictate.
Who hears and heeds diviner call,
He is the master of his fate!

The sea that bars us from the shore
Itself shall bear us safely there,
The winds, contentious, waft us o'er
Wild waters to a haven fair;

And e'en from Circumstance adverse
The earnest, faithful soul may wrest
True victory, and from her curse
Win patience that shall make him blest!

—A Doric Reed (Copeland and Gray).

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Mother Goose and Her Melodies

MOTHER GOOSE, or Grandmother Goose, as she is sometimes called, was not a fictitious, but a real individual. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665. She married Isaac Goose in 1693, and a few years after became a member of the Old South Church in Boston, and died in 1758. The first edition of her songs, which were originally sung to her grandchildren, was published in Boston in 1716 by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. It is said that Fleet, out of respect for her, collected the little songs that she sang to her grandchildren into book form and published them for the use of mothers in America. The original editions of Mother Goose's Melodies are now very rare and valuable, but so many subsequent issues have been made that the book is one of the best known in the English language. The song of the little girl and her little curl does not appear in some of the early editions, and was probably added to the collection by some editor subsequent to Fleet.—Globe-Democrat.

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Lands Where Prisons are Unknown

THERE are no prisons in Iceland. There are not even any police in that country. The people are so honest that there is no need of such guardians of peace and property, nor places of punishment. The history of Iceland for one thousand years records no more than two thefts. Of these two cases one was that of a native who was detected after stealing several sheep, but as he had done so to supply his family, who were suffering for want of food, the stigma attached to his crime was considered sufficient punishment. The other theft was by a German, who stole seventeen sheep. But as he was in comfortable circumstances and the robbery was malicious, the sentence passed upon him was that he should sell all his property, restore the value of what he had stolen, and then leave the country or be executed, and he left at once. There is, of course, provision for the administration of justice, which consists, first of all, in the Sheriff's courts; next, by appeals to the court of three Judges at Reykjavik, the capital; and, lastly, in all criminal and most civil cases, to the Supreme court at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, of which Kingdom the island forms a part. The Island of Panaris, one of the Lipari group, is equally fortunate in having neither prisons nor lawyers, and being absolutely destitute of both paupers and criminals.

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Immensity of the Chinese Wall

SPEAKING of the great Chinese wall, a correspondent of the Washington Post says: "Being in Peking some thirty years ago I made a journey to this great rampart. I spent several days on the top of the wall and towers, walking and climbing certainly twenty-five miles per day. The word climbing is used purposely, for many portions of the wall are exceedingly steep. If merely mounting these sections was exhausting, what must have been the human toil in lifting all the materials to these rugged heights, from five hundred to four thousand feet? It is true that the wall runs straight up the steepest mountain sides, follows their summits, and as abruptly descends into the deepest valleys and ravines, thus defying all rules of modern military and civil engineering, and laws of fortifications.

Earl McCartney, of the British Embassy, who, in 1792, visited and measured the wall, estimated that at that time the cubic yards of materials used in its construction exceeded in bulk all the materials of all the buildings of Great Britain put together. The writer also took measurements of the wall, which averaged twenty-five feet high and fifteen thick, the foundations being of cut stone, laid in regular courses, with mortar, as hard to-day as the stone itself. The sides of the wall, the parapets and the towers are constructed of burned brick. The inner portion of the wall is filled in with earth and broken stone, well rammed and compacted, while the top, between the parapets, is paved with burned brick and stone. About every two thousand feet there is a tower, some thirty-five feet high, forming a part of the wall itself, but projecting beyond and overlooking the face of the wall on either side. These towers evidently formed the guard rooms or barracks for the soldiers.

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The Motto on the Nation's Coin

MR. PRESTON, a Director of the Mint, gives the origin of the motto, "In God We Trust," to be found on our coins. It appears the first suggestion of such a motto came probably from W. R. Watkinson, of Ridleyville, Pennsylvania, who signed himself a "minister of the Gospel." His letter to Secretary Chase on the subject was dated November 13, 1861. The mottoes suggested were "Our Country; Our God," and "God Our Trust." In reply the Secretary wrote: "I approve of your mottoes; only suggesting that the first should read, 'Our God and Our Country,' and that the motto on the shield should be changed so as to read, instead of 'God Our Trust,' 'In God We Trust.'" In accordance with an act passed April 22, 1864, the motto "In God We Trust" was placed on the new bronze two-cent piece.

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An Almanac 3000 Years Old

THE most valuable almanac ever made is that now in the British Museum, which is priceless. It is believed to be at least three thousand years old. The days are written in red ink on papyrus, in columns, and under each is a figure, followed by three characters signifying the probable state of the weather for that day.

The most elaborate almanac in the world is that issued by the Chinese Government in twelve thick volumes, which gives full information as to lucky times and places for performing the acts of every-day life, which is considered an essential of success by every good Chinaman. The Nautical Almanac costs the British nation twenty thousand dollars a year for the salaries of the professors and scientists who prepare it. The most curious calendar at present in use is that of the natives of Central America, where the months are only twenty days, and these are named after animals. Among most modern European ones the Almanac de Gotha, which is a compilation of the members and relationships of European and noble and Royal families, has been the longest in continuous circulation—upward of one hundred and thirty-five years.

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The Minute Parts of a Watch

THE watch carried by the average man, says the Jewelers' Review, is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed, the slit in the head of which is 2-1000ths of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound.

The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel, about nine and a half inches long, 1-100th of an inch wide, and 27-100000ths of an inch thick. The manufacture of these springs requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-1000ths of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-1000th part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes an hour.

The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea: A ton of steel made up into hairsprings, when in watches, is worth more than twelve and a half times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hairspring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, three hundred every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and a fourth times, which makes 197,100,000 every year. If this be compared with a locomotive with six-foot driving wheels, it will be seen how stupendous is the amount of labor performed by these works. Let the wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth."

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The World's Wonderful Cave

THERE'S a wonderful cave in the Island of Tonga, in the South Pacific. Byron called it "a chapel of the seas," says the London Telegraph. It is formed in a rock that is almost surrounded by the ocean. This rock is about sixty feet high, and broad porportionately. Many years ago a boy, the son of a native chief, was chasing a huge turtle, when his game seemed to sink into a rock. The lad watched and waited until the tide fell, disclosing a small opening in the rock about six feet under low-water mark. Diving boldly, the young hunter entered the aperture, and, to his surprise, came to the surface inside the rock. The rock was hollow, and its interior was found afterward, when the natives explored it with torches, to contain many beautiful stalactites. When attacked and followed by enemies the natives, who know the secret, leave their canoes, plunge into the water, and disappear. Their foes linger, astonished at their disappearance, for no person would suspect that the rock was hollow.

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If We Had the Time

By Richard Burton

IF I HAD the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show
To my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;
Ah, God! if I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill!
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

—Dumb in June (Copeland and Day).

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An Exercise in Pronunciation

THE following paragraph contains ninety-nine words, and it is exceedingly interesting as a test of one's ability to pronounce correctly words frequently met with:

"Cleopatra, isolated in the oasis, soon became acclimated and had ample leisure to contemplate all the economic details of her inextricable sword. The wound resisted the allopathic misogynist, who gave a courteous diagnosis and humbly craved precedence for a tiny idyl in the form of a vase with an æsthetic acoustic apparatus. This told the news like a book, but it might have been a dog living in squalor, from the look she launched at him when he wrote down his address. She ate her breakfast and then fraternized with a national expert in appendicitis, who attended the obsequies."

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How Thread is Numbered

THE questions, "Why is spool cotton numbered as it is?" and "Why are figures not used in regular order?" are often asked. The explanation is this: The numbers on the spool express the number of hanks which are required to wind a pound. The very finest spinning rarely exceeds three hundred hanks to the pound, while in the very coarsest there is about a half pound in each hank. The more common qualities, however—those from which sewing thread is usually made—run from ten to fifty hanks to the pound, and the spools on which it is wound are therefore numbered ten to fifty.

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First Ice Cream in America

ICE CREAM made its first appearance in America as an accessory for a social function during the administration of President Jackson. It was formally introduced into society by the widow of Alexander Hamilton at one of the General's receptions, "much to Old Hickory's delight," who, according to the Boston Transcript, when a plate was handed, laughed heartily "to see the rustic sovereigns blow on the funny stuff." So popular did it become as a fashion that articles were written in its behalf. As balls and routs increased, it then took its place in the line of sweets for informal affairs, until now this icy mixture is found on the least pretentious tables.

What the Scientists Say

CONDENSED INTO PARAGRAPHS

MOST of the land in the Republic of Mexico is held in almost feudal tenure by seven thousand families.

SCIENTISTS believe that all salt wherever found has come originally from the sea in some way or other.

THE new photograph of the heavens, which is being prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers, shows 68,000,000 stars.

THE Kremlin at Moscow contains the crowns of Poland, and of all the other kingdoms and principalities which Russia has overthrown.

THE nearest approach to the North Pole was on May 13, 1892, when Lieutenant Lockwood stood within three hundred and ninety-six miles of that spot.

THE quantity of bananas shipped from the West Indies and adjacent ports to the United States now amounts to 13,000,000 or 14,000,000 bunches annually, valued at considerably over $20,000,000.

THE most costly piece of railway line in the world is that between the Mansion House and Aldgate Stations, in London, which required the expenditure of close upon $10,000,000 a mile.

THE largest congregation in this country is that of Saint Stanislaus Kostka, in Chicago, which has 30,000 communicants. The number of attendants at the services on Sundays frequently exceeds 15,000.

THE United Kingdom has more women workers than any other State in the world in proportion to the population, and among them no fewer than 616,000 are set down as dressmakers—an occupation which may be reasonably claimed as an industry.

THE thumb, according to professional palmists, is an unerring index to the mind. If a person is trying to deceive you he will invariably draw his thumb in toward the palm. On the other hand, if he is telling the truth the thumb will relax and point away from the palm.

A CELEBRATED family of lion-tamers are reported to use electricity. A live wire is stretched across the cage and serves as an impassable yet invisible barrier which protects the performer. It is said that one touch of the wire gives a lasting lesson to the fiercest lion.

THE Paris born families become extinct in three or four generations in consequence of their feeble fecundity and high rate of mortality, and the average length of life among them is only twenty-eight years and one month, as compared with forty years and two months for the rest of France.

AMONG the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fibre proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.

A MICROSCOPIC examination of mother-of-pearl shows the shell to be made up of very fine lines, so closely put together that the white light is broken up into prismatic colors, and we get the so-called "play of colors." Taking a careful cast of such a shell, the wax cast will yield the same prismatic effects.

MEXICO produces anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar regions. Cotton, wheat, rye, silver, silk, cocoanuts, bananas, rice, cocoa, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, hides and wines are the principal products.

M. LOUIS BOUTAN has succeeded in taking some beautiful photographs of the bottom of the sea by the aid of a newly invented lamp for burning magnesium powder under the water. He first descends to the bottom and selects his views, next has his apparatus lowered to him, then arranges the same for several flashes, enabling him to take as many successive pictures.

AN ESTIMATE regarded as reliable places the aggregate wealth of leading countries at the following figures: United States, $60,475,000,000; Great Britain, $43,600,000,000; France, $40,300,000,000; Germany, $31,600,000,000; Russia, $21,715,000,000; Austria, $18,065,000,000; Italy, $11,755,000,000. No other nation is credited with more than $10,000,000,000. The next in rank to Italy is Spain with $7,965,000,000, while Greece, the last and lowest in this classification, is given but $1,055,000,000.

MARRIAGE, according to Dr. Schwartz, of Berlin, is the most important factor in longevity. Of every two hundred persons who reach the age of forty years one hundred and twenty-five are married and seventy-five unmarried. At sixty years the proportions are forty-eight to twenty-two; at seventy years, twenty-seven to eleven, and at ninety years, nine to three. Fifty centenarians had all been married. The doctor asserts that the rate of mortality for husbands and wives between the ages of thirty and forty-five years is eighteen per cent., while that for unmarried persons is twenty-eight per cent.

Resting by the Old Hedge

By George E. Bowen

OVER the same old road, sweetheart, that we strolled in the long ago,
I am wandering once again, alone, where the sweet wild roses glow;
And I pause by the hedge to whisper, dear, to the blossoms so pink and fair,
A poor little faded sorrow, love, there's nobody else to share.

Summer with all its joy, sweetheart, is out on the old highway,
But the breezes sigh as they pass me by and unto the forest stray;
Wistfully sigh the breezes, love, as they pass me standing there
By the old hedgerow where the roses glow, and nobody seems to care.

Standing alone by the hedge, my love, I am lost in a pensive dream.
I am floating away through the summer day where the old-time roses gleam;
The roses that shared our secret, love, the roses that smiled as fair
As the promise true we were glad to view, with nobody else to care.

Over the dear old road, sweetheart, in the shadowy cool of day
Come the echoes low of the long ago, the tenderest things to say;
And I smile again as the twilight glows, and banish my long despair
With a thought of you that is sweet and true, and wonder if you will care.

Something of other days, sweetheart, the breezes are singing low.
Something that thrills the roses, love, and lends them a brighter glow;
Something that soothes the restless pain I have patiently learned to bear
Through the endless days on the old highways, where nobody seems to care.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Perils of a Diplomat

DANGER-PLACES IN THE PATHS OF ENVOYS

THAT the path of a diplomat possesses considerable analogy to that of a cat picking her way along the summit of a wall surmounted with broken glass, is brought home to the mind in a particularly striking manner by the unfortunate blunder of the Spanish Envoy, who has been forced to leave Washington in consequence of his having ceased to be *persona grata* to the Government and people of the United States. In fact, the path of the foreign envoy is literally lined with pitfalls, and if he is able to escape from them entirely he must necessarily ascribe it more to good fortune than to skill or discretion.

The rules and regulations that govern the conduct of the private citizen, and even that of the ordinary Government official, are altogether inadequate in his case. He is forced to bear in mind all the time, not only in his official intercourse but also in his private life, the very important fact that he represents his country and his Government, and that every word spoken by him, his every action, or even gesture, are, by the people around him him in a foreign country, held to commit the Power by which he is accredited.

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Without wishing in any way to defend Señor Dupuy de Lôme, who has been known since his attaché days as one of those men disposed to sneer, gibe and snarl at everybody and everything, and to whom nothing was sacred, it may not be amiss to point out that the offense of which he has rendered himself guilty is one which any diplomat, no matter how highly trained or old in the business, may commit.

While it is impossible to do otherwise than to condemn in the strongest fashion the opinions expressed in his letter to Señor Canalejas—opinions which demonstrated how thoroughly unfitted he was to fulfill in a loyal and straightforward manner the duties of keeping his Government informed of the true condition of affairs in this country with regard to Spain and Cuba—it may be pointed out that the utterances in question were of a confidential character, contained in a private note addressed to a personal friend, and that the Minister had no reason whatsoever to suppose that its contents would be revealed to any one else than the person to whom it was directed. The letter might just as well have been addressed to some official personage in Spain as to the private friend—as things turned out.

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For there is no envoy, either at Washington or anywhere else, who does not supplement his official dispatches, destined as a rule for publication, with private and confidential letters, sent sometimes to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and sometimes to the Premier under whose directions he is serving. In these private letters he is accustomed to give all kinds of details, which are sometimes the reverse of pleasant to the persons to whom he refers therein.

Thus there are some capitals in Europe where the love affairs of the Sovereign, of the Royal personages and of the dignitaries of the Court play a considerable rôle in the political affairs of the nation. It therefore becomes incumbent upon the Ministers accredited to the country in question to describe freely and fully these various intrigues, for the purpose of enabling the Governments which they represent to appreciate the why and the wherefore of the situation created by these so-called platonic friendships. Were one of these letters to be stolen by some dishonest servant, or obtained by any other kind of fraud, and published in the newspapers of the country in which the writer is stationed as Ambassador, its reading would create a still greater uproar than has been caused by the printing of Señor Dupuy de Lôme's letter to his friend Canalejas.

The Spanish Government is certain to take this fact into consideration, and if Señor Dupuy de Lôme is punished by dismissal from the Diplomatic service, which is extremely improbable, it will be on account of his being a *protégé* of the most advanced section of the Conservative faction, an appointee of the late Premier Canovas, and an intimate friend both of Don Romero Robledo and of General Weyler, or else on the charge that he has not kept his Government thoroughly posted about the state of affairs and of public opinion in this country. But it will certainly not be for anything in connection with the Canalejas letter. Not even a Liberal Foreign Minister or Premier would dream of calling him to account for that, just as Lord Salisbury declined to recall or in any way discipline Lord Sackville for having permitted himself to be entrapped into writing the now celebrated Murchison letter, a private communication addressed by the Minister to one of his own countrymen, as he believed. If De Lôme is, therefore, appointed very shortly to another Diplomatic post, it need not be taken here as a token of disregard for the United States, while in the same way if he is left for any time without employment his punishment would be in no sense of the word ascribable to the circumstances which brought his mission at Washington to so sudden a close.

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Nor is the danger of confidential letters falling into wrong hands the only peril with which the unfortunate diplomat is confronted. A few years ago one of the most amiable and clever of French diplomats, namely, the Comte d'Aunay, who has shown his excellent taste by selecting a singularly charming American girl for his wife, came to grief, and was suddenly deprived of his mission at Copenhagen for having corresponded direct with President Carnot without cognizance of the French Cabinet. It was not the fault of the Minister. President Carnot had, toward the close of his term of office, become imbued with that species of monarchical failing which leads constitutional sovereigns to correspond directly with their Ambassadors and Envoys abroad over the heads of and oftentimes also unknown to their Foreign Ministers or to their Cabinet.

It was in connection with the negotiation of the Franco-Russian alliance, and as the late Czar was at the time at Copenhagen, that President Carnot sent to him, through Comte d'Aunay, several confidential messages and letters, the replies to which were transmitted to the Élysée by the same channels of communication. On the Cabinet at Paris becoming aware of this the Comte d'Aunay was at once dismissed, and nothing that the President could do or say could preserve him from losing his official post.

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I may add here incidentally that Emperor William of Germany, the late King Alphonso of Spain, the late King and Queen of Holland, and, above all, the King of Belgium, have repeatedly laid themselves open to the same criticism as President Carnot in this matter, while it is not so very long ago that the Crown was called upon to defend in the Italian Senate and Chamber of Deputies the action of King Humbert in communicating direct with his Ambassadors at Berlin and at Vienna, in defiance of the stipulations of the Constitution, which prescribe that all intercourse between the sovereign and his Envoys must pass through the intermediary of a Cabinet Minister responsible to the Legislature.

Baron Magnus, whose cleverness was such that Prince Bismarck selected him for duty as German Envoy at Copenhagen, a most difficult post during the reign of the late Czar, by reason of the influence exercised by Queen Louise against the Berlin Government, lost his place in the Diplomatic service, as well as all the laurels of a long and otherwise successful Diplomatic career, by imprudently attending a dinner at which Sarah Bernhardt was present. He had no idea that he was going to meet her, otherwise he might have stayed away. While he was engaged in conversation with his next neighbor at table she gave a toast in which all united, and in which he instinctively joined with much gusto. It was only afterward, when he sat down, that he learned too late that he had, through his ignorance, been drinking the health of France and to the latter's recovery of Alsace-Lorraine.

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The foreign Envoy is required to be most careful and circumspect, not only in connection with his own conduct, but also with regard to that of his wife. Thus the late Duke of Persigny, the most intimate friend and confidant of Napoleon III, was relieved of his office of French Ambassador in London at the personal request of Queen Victoria. The Queen, while appreciating all the good qualities of the Duke, keenly resented the conduct of his eccentric Duchess in slapping the face of a woman at a ball honored by the presence of Royalty, the woman in question having given offense to the Ambassadress by appearing at the entertainment in a dress identical with that of Her Excellency. Nor must it be forgotten that M. de Kalomine was removed from the post of Russian Minister to the Court of Darmstadt because his beautiful wife had managed to inveigle the Grand Duke into an entanglement which culminated in her divorce from her husband, and in a morganatic marriage with the Grand Duke.

Only two years have elapsed since the time the Swiss Government gave passports to the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Uruguay at Berne, and insisted on his leaving the country, because he had failed to doff his hat to Colonel Frey, Chief of the Federal War Department. The Envoy, who bears the name of General Nine, and who is regarded as a distinguished soldier and statesman in South America, had been subjected to a good deal of discourtesy by the head of the War Department, in connection with the refusal of facilities which the mission had requested for the witnessing of the annual manœuvres and sham battles of the Swiss army.

In consequence of his refusal to bow to Colonel Frey as they passed on the street, the Swiss Government requested his recall on the ground that he was no longer *persona grata* to the Republic.

It was only the other day that the Papal Secretary of State requested the Emperor of Austria to withdraw his Ambassador to the Vatican in consequence of the latter's having appeared at an entertainment given by his colleague and countryman, the Austrian Ambassador to the Quirinal, and at which, of course, a number of Italian dignitaries were present. The Austrian Ambassador to the Holy See is regarded as constituting part and parcel of the Papal court. As such he is bound by its rules and regulations, which prohibit social intercourse with members of the Italian court and appearance at entertainments given by dignitaries and official personages connected with King Humbert's Government. Only after much difficulty was the demand of Cardinal Rampolla withdrawn, and the Ambassador permitted to stay, after tendering the humblest apologies.

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In conclusion, attention is called to the fact that the case of Señor Dupuy de Lôme recalls that of Baron Hitrove, the former Russian Envoy at Bucharest. He, too, wrote letters commenting on the Executive of the country to which he was accredited, and expressed, in confidential notes, much contempt for King Charles, and even for the poetic works of the Queen, well known by her pen name of Carmen Sylva. These confidential letters got into the hands of the Bulgarian Prime Minister by means more than questionable, and, inasmuch as Hitrove had been one of the principal foes of Bulgaria, and had been the originator of many plots for the overthrow of Prince Ferdinand, Stambuloff straightway proceeded to publish the documents in *fac simile*. Hitrove at once defended himself by declaring that the letters were exceedingly clever forgeries, and denied their authenticity. In spite of this he was quietly transferred a couple of months afterward to Lisbon, in consequence of an intimation received from the Roumanian court that he had ceased to be *persona grata*. Yet Hitrove was accounted the keenest and most astute of all the many brilliant Diplomats in the service of the Czar.

This is merely to show that the so-called blunder of Dupuy de Lôme is not unique. Indeed, it is probable that, were the private letters of the foreign Diplomats at Washington opened, there is scarcely one of them which would not be found to contain utterances as distasteful and as unfortunate as those of Spain's departing Envoy.

Metals Worth More than Gold

VALUABLE AIDS IN THE ARTS

JUST now there is no metal so generally esteemed as is gold, but there are a variety of metals more precious, reckoned in dollars and cents, although their intrinsic worth is vastly less. The most expensive of these superior metals, says the New York Herald, is an obscure one, unknown to fame, by name gallium. It belongs to the same group as does tin, and is worth exactly ten times what gold is worth per ounce. It is not used to any extent for any purpose, and it is secured by the deposit caused in certain chemical operations, primarily for other purposes. Gold is worth $20 per ounce, gallium $200.

Thurium closely resembles palladium, but while the latter is worth only $8 per ounce, its twin, thurium, is sold for $160 per ounce.

Vanadium comes in a black powder, and is one of the hardest of metals to melt. It is of little use in association with other metals, because cheaper metals secure the same results that its use would give. Its price is $48 per ounce.

Most of these metals are shown in powder form because they are obtained in that form. It is difficult often to obtain them in globules, because they decompose very quickly when exposed to the air. If kept in lump they are usually preserved in kerosene.

Germanium, closely resembling tin as it does, is, nevertheless, worth $95 per ounce, and is one of the most expensive metals used to any extent.

Rubidium is greenish gray and comes as a powder. Its value is $88 per ounce.

Beryllium, which resembles lead, is worth $80 per ounce.

Santatum is a gray mass, very much like rubidium. Its value is $80 per ounce, although at wholesale it would be a trifle cheaper. One can hardly speak of these metals as merchandise, however, as they are rarely sold save as specimens or for unusual experiments.

Calcium is, of course, well known. It comes in a white powder, and is more readily melted than many of the others. It belongs to the aluminum family, is worth $80 per ounce and is found in limestone rocks.

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Indium is very dark, globular, and it, too, is kept in kerosene. It is worth $72 per ounce.

Didymium, when collected, is a light gray or dove color. When melted it is one of the whitish gray metals. It is worth $72 per ounce.

Lithium also is kept under kerosene to prevent oxidation, since from contact with the air it at once becomes an oxide and is wasted. In appearance it is a black mass, and it is so light that its specific gravity is only about 76. Its value is $64 per ounce.

Erbium is much like cerium, of a bluish gray color, but when melted in globules its real color is gray. It, too, belongs to the aluminum group, and is worth $62 per ounce.

Ruthenium is a black powder in appearance and exceedingly difficult to melt. It is worth $44 per ounce.

Cerium is a brownish-green mass in appearance, but in reality it is a white metal belonging to the aluminum family. Its value is $40 per ounce.

Strontium is kept in kerosene to prevent oxidation. It is dark gray in color before melting, but after melting it is light gray. Its price is $40 per ounce.

Rhodium is another metal which it is very difficult to melt. It is a dark metal, very little used, because it is next to impossible to absorb it. Its value is $40 per ounce.

Zirconium comes in flat, thin, grayish-blue crystals and is worth $40 per ounce.

Barium is kept in kerosene. In color it is silver white, and its price is $32 per ounce.

Borium comes in fine, grayish block crystals, and is very hard. The crystals much resemble emery in appearance, but borium will dissolve in hot aluminum, while other metals of the same hardness will not. It is worth $25 per ounce.

It should be said, in reference to many of the costly metals, that the reason they are so difficult to melt, or to combine with other metals, is that they oxidize so quickly when exposed to air that in being placed in a crucible great care must be used, and the chemical combinations necessary to secure safety are not easy and require great care.

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How Mark Twain Yelled.—Mark Twain, on his tour around the world, told an interviewer at Winnipeg that he often felt a desire to cut loose from civilization and get away by himself, where he could run and yell to his heart's content. In this connection there is a story told about him and Canon Kingsley. One day they were walking along the street together, and Twain felt the desire to yell coming on him with irresistible force, and he said to Kingsley, "I want to yell; I must yell." "Well, yell; I don't mind," said the Canon. "And with that," said Mark, "I stepped back a few steps, and, throwing my arms over my head, let out a war-whoop that could be heard for miles, and in less time than you can count Canon Kingsley and myself were surrounded by a multitude of anxious citizens who wanted to know what was the matter. I told them nothing was the matter; I just wanted to yell, and had yelled."

The Spaniard in His Home

A NATION WHOSE CHARACTERISTIC IS VANITY

By Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor

SPANIARDS are probably less understood in America than any people of Europe. In fact, the popular conception of the Spaniard is of a sinister scoundrel wrapped in a cloak, who smokes cigarettes and commits dark deeds—a sort of comic opera villain, whose passion is cruelty. This absurdity is fully equaled by the Spanish impression of Americans—or Los Yankees, as they call us.

They look upon us as a species of plutocratic barbarians, whose sole merit lies in our dollars, whose manners are boorish, and whose Government is the most corrupt and most overbearing in the world. It is not always pleasant to see ourselves as others see us, and when one reads in Spanish papers that the United States is a country without principle or religion, without manliness or bravery, where negroes are roasted alive and Italians lynched in the public streets, where Chinamen are persecuted and strikes are prevalent, where anarchists are Governors of States and personal liberty is unknown, one resents the tirade and feels the jingo spirit surging in one's heart.

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As a matter of fact, the Spanish conception of the American is merely an exaggeration of the National faults; just as our idea of the Spaniard is a misconception of his character, formed by magnifying his vices at the expense of his virtues. The Spaniards are not comic opera villains; they are a chivalrous, warm-blooded people, having their faults, as we have ours, and their chief fault is overweening pride. This pride is the prevailing passion of the individual as of the Nation; it dominates society as it does the land. Pride is so thoroughly the ruling passion of the Spaniard, that Spanish society is to a great extent a game of innocent deception. To keep up appearances a Spanish family will make any sacrifice, and the consequence is that social life becomes an outward show, intended to disguise financial embarrassment. There are two things absolutely necessary to the maintenance of social position in Spain—a carriage and an opera-box—and it is extraordinary how much satisfaction a Spanish family derives from these luxuries, and for these they struggle as do some of our Americans, who will deny themselves almost necessities to buy those luxuries that will enable them to keep their grasp on the fringe of society.

The society of a capital is always cosmopolitan. There are the diplomatic corps, the visiting corps, the visiting foreigners, and the host of Government officials to annul in a measure the National characteristics. The society of Madrid is no exception to the rule. It is cosmopolitan, but not to so great an extent as that of London or Paris. Nearly all the Spaniards of wealth live in Madrid, or visit there during a portion of the year. The city, except in summer months, wears a holiday aspect; there is a continuous roll of carriages along the street of Alcalá and the Carrera San Geronimo; the shops are filled with French and English novelties, and the smartly dressed people who come and go wear French gowns or London-made clothes. A few houses where dinners are given might well be in London or Paris. The appointments are the same, the guests look, dress and talk the same, the only difference being that the gossip and scandalous stories are about different people. If one knew the people by name the same stories would be applicable, as the Madrilenians, judging by the gossip, are evidently no better or no worse than Londoners or Parisians. There is great familiarity in the use of the Christian name, and men and women of all ages call each other Pepita, Carmen, María, Pepe, Gonzalo, or whatever their prenomens may be, with an intimacy scarcely equaled in the most familiar society of our American country towns.

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Of home life among the Spaniards there seems to be quite as much as, if not more than, with us. The family ties are very strong, and there is more parental reverence than among Americans. The Spanish families are perhaps more comparable to the French, with this exception: filial love and parental affection are not the all-absorbing passions. Spanish young men and girls are permitted more latitude in the matter of love-making than the French, though they are hampered by conventionalities unknown in Saxon lands.

Love matches are quite common in Spain, but the lovers are not allowed the privilege of seclusion from the eyes of the world. They meet wherever society congregates, but they must be ever under the eye of a duenna. The wishes of contracting parties to marriages are, however, more generously consulted than in France, and engagements are frequently of long duration. Spanish girls are rather sentimental in their ideas of love. Marriage is a favorite topic of their conversation. It is the one event of their lives to which they look forward, for it means, to a great extent, emancipation. But the married women do not have the liberty of American wives; they must be much more guarded in their actions, and the husband is the ruler of the household.

The traditions of Spain are all monarchical; the nobility have great power and influence, and the possession of a title is almost a *sine qua non* of social distinction. The Spanish nobility is more comparable to that of England than to the nobility of other European countries, but it has a distinctive feature of its own in the Grandees of Spain. Grandees are nobles to whom special hereditary privileges have been granted. Those having an annual rental from land of $10,000 sit in the Senate, and all Grandees have the curious privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the Sovereign. A Grandee in uniform wears a gold key over the right hip, as a sign that he may enter the palace and confer with his Sovereign at any time. It is his most cherished privilege, and one which the Monarch is bound to regard. When a Grandee passes a palace guard, he is saluted by a sharp pound of the halberd upon the marble floor. These special privileges date from the reign of the Emperor Charles V, who created twelve Grandees. The number, having been increased by successive monarchs, is now much larger than it was formerly, although but a small portion of the nobility are Grandees.

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There is probably no Court in Europe where there is more etiquette than at the Court of Spain. To an American who views the bowings and scrapings, and endless red tape, it all seems such a waste of valuable time, such a sham and mockery, that republican institutions, in spite of their faults, stand out in honorable contrast. Yet a monarchy is suited to the Spanish character. One doubts if a Republic could thrive among a people so sensitively proud, so easily excited, and, withal, so ignorant.

But, withal, there are no people more courteous and hospitable than the Spaniards. They will go to infinite pains to pay the smallest attention to a stranger; will even tramp from church to church, and gallery to gallery, in endeavoring to show one the sights; they will take you shopping, call at your hotel twice a day to offer their services, and, in short, do a thousand and one things no Anglo-Saxon would ever dream of. The Spaniard may be overweening in his pride, but he is almost overpowering in his courtesy. An Englishman or an American will dismiss a stranger with a dinner and feel that he has done his duty; a Spaniard will avoid giving such an invitation by every possible excuse, because his pride prevents his extending hospitality for which his means are inadequate; but he will send you flowers and take you to drive each day of your visit; he will bestow countless little attentions, and show a real interest in your welfare, and a desire to please, which make you feel that his hospitality is not perfunctory. When you part from him you feel that you have parted from a friend. There are little courtesies of ordinary occurrence in Spain which contrast forcibly with Anglo-Saxon boorishness. For instance, no one enters a railway carriage without bowing to every occupant, and on leaving the same ceremony is gone through with. On taking one's seat at a hotel table it is customary to salute each of the guests, and on leaving one does the same. Upon entering a shop you greet the shopkeeper, and when leaving, "God be with you," or "May all be well with you," are the words he utters, even if you have failed to make a purchase. He never shows impatience.

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The Spaniard is proud and apathetic to a degree, but he has commendable qualities as well. It is difficult to excuse him to Americans, because his characteristics are the reverse of those most universally admired in this country. He is not a hustler, nor a money-getter, and he is open to the charge of cruelty in his National sport; but even that is a matter of education. One remembers, distinctly, a young Spanish officer, who had just witnessed a Yale-Princeton foot-ball game, saying that he considered the sport barbarous and cruel, and totally unfit for gentlemen. The same man was an ardent admirer of bull fighting. After all, the Spaniard is what Heaven has created him—a proud, sensitive and courteous creature, sincere in his fidelity to his Church, his country and his family; insincere, perhaps, in his dealings with others; cruel, as we understand cruelty, indolent, too; but nevertheless an average man, who has suffered much in the school of adversity, and whose future depends upon his ability to profit by the lessons of the past.—From The Land of the Castanet, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

Last Night

By Samuel Minturn Peck

OH, COMRADES, let the song go round,
And wake the merry jest.
Of all the blessings life hath found,
A woman's love is best.
I drink not; when the cup is crowned,
I wish you all things bright;
My vintage lies
In beauty's eyes—
I kissed my love last night.

The jasmine perfumes rose and strayed
Like elfin waifs unseen;
The summer moonbeams stole and played
Her lattice bars between.
She shyly stood in white arrayed,
With youth and grace delight.
She was so fair,
How could I dare—
I kissed my love last night.

A sudden glory filled the earth
It had not known before.
A happy gleam, too sweet for mirth,
The quivering moonbeams wore.
To think that I of little worth
Had won the pearl of light!
No song or speech
My bliss can reach—
I kissed my love last night.

A trembling thrilled her bosom fair
And woke a storm of sighs,
And told that love had kindled there
The flame that never dies.
That virgin shrine so pure and rare
No earthborn grief shall blight.
God make me pure—
When tempters lure—
I kissed my love last night!

I sought my home and couch to dream,
Sweet waftures thronged my brain;
Blue eyes and lily-buds a-gleam,
And roses plashed with rain;
And when with morning's rosy beam
The glamourie took flight,
The waking brought
My sweetest thought—
I kissed my love last night.

Oh, moon, laugh down your silver rays!
Smile up, oh, dimpling sea!
Oh, fountain, toss your tinkling sprays!
Oh, stars, rejoice with me!
With twinkling shoon ye tricksy fays
Come guide my song aright,
And tip with dew
Each measure true—
I kissed my love last night!

—Rhymes and Roses (F. A. Stokes Co.).

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Class Hatred in America

THE RELATIONS OF RICH AND POOR

ONE of the most regrettable features of recent political agitation is the development, or accentuation, of a class hatred from which this country has always been supposed to be singularly free. For the first time, we believe, has dislike of the rich as rich obtruded itself into a National campaign, or defiance of the monied class been the animating enthusiasm of any section of the electorate.

It has always been assumed, and rightly, that nowhere in the world is wealth more secure than in the United States, or its public exhibition less likely to excite the envy and jealousy of the masses. Instead of fostering discontent and diminishing happiness, the increase of individual and corporate wealth has been accepted as a natural order of things. Among a people with whom abject poverty is unknown, and poverty conveys no disgrace, and who are all politically equal, the fact that one of their number became rich has afforded no cause for dislike, but rather for approval. As all hope to accumulate, the success of one is taken as an incentive and ground of hope to others.

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The well-to-do and the wealthy, so far from being disliked, have been welcomed as helps to the community in which they live. They must distribute some portion of their wealth, and in doing so must increase the opportunities of others. The bids made to rich men and wealthy corporations to settle in towns and villages is evidence of the approval with which they have been regarded. The fact that they will spend money or bring work removes all irritation at their possession of wealth.

It is probably true that there have existed everywhere a few men who have disliked the rich merely because of their riches—men who, though industrious, have failed in life, and incline to blame others for their failure. There are men, too, who, well equipped intellectually, have found that their equipment does not bring them money and the comforts it buys, and so are disposed to envy the easy success in accumulation of those with less mental endowment. But when all is admitted, there has been no evidence of any general dislike of the rich on the part of any considerable class—of discontent that has become audible, or agitation for the redistribution of wealth.

Even the small discontent noted has taken the form of wanting like wealth with others, not the wealth of others. It has remained for the present National campaign to bring to the surface a dislike of the rich not hitherto suspected. That it is felt by any considerable class, rather than by a class with unusual capacity for making itself heard, it would probably be incorrect to say. But that the feeling is bitter there is no reason to doubt, as there is none that it is cherished against the rich simply because they are rich. Those who entertain it not only want to increase their own wealth, but to diminish that of others. They have the feeling, entertained by many European workingmen, that the capitalist, however he may have accumulated his wealth, is the enemy of the people, and should be suppressed out of hand. The cry of "Down with Wall Street" is a concrete expression of that feeling, and of that of their right to a measure of material ease which can only come through a redistribution of the property the rich possess.

It would be interesting to know the precise reason for this hatred in the minds of those who entertain it, and which has in it a distinct menace of anarchy. It is conceivable, of course, that men should want wealth like that of the capitalists. But why they should want to extinguish the capitalists, and with them their capacity for expenditure, is a puzzle. That expenditure makes thousands of families comfortable by providing them with fairly paid work, which is exactly what the radicals think it should do. It keeps the wheels of industry turning, supplies the money for the development of all resources, and is indispensable to the life of the nation.

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No doubt it is in some instances accompanied with some ostentation. But ostentation is not in itself immoral, any more than is a certain proportion of waste, if a man chooses to reward his exertions in that way. Moreover, every man has as clear a right to accumulate ten million dollars as he has to accumulate ten hundred, provided always that his method of accumulation is honest and does not injure the community. To accumulate honestly he must deal fairly with his employees, have due regard to the convenience and comfort of the public, and must not engage in unjust competition, that is, undersell to injure a rival or create a monopoly. No man can accumulate a fortune or use it without conferring benefits upon others which, without him, they would not have had. Some of the largest and most successful concerns in this country belong to, or are controlled by, a single family, and think for a moment to how many thousands they provide a livelihood. No doubt there is a power for evil as well as for good in wealth, and great accumulators filled with mischievous ideas might work a good deal of demoralization in a community. But in this country their ambition has generally been for social success, and most of them are so overborne by the care of their wealth as to be the quietest of mankind.

What the real ground of hatred of them is, is a most perplexing problem. If it were only the desire for greater material ease, the demand would be simply for the improvement of conditions, not for the extirpation of the rich. Probably it has its basis largely in the envy of those who have failed or who lack self-confidence. To those to whom wealth is a desire gratified only for their neighbors, envy often becomes one of the strongest of passions.—The Interior.

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Noted Actors' Stage Doubles

FAMILIAR SCENES IN DRAMAS

THERE are certain plays which afford ambitious actors the opportunity of demonstrating their versatility by "doubling" widely contrasted parts. This dual impersonation entails far more than meets the eye, says Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Apart altogether from the talent required to enable one individual successfully to portray two different characters, there is often needed considerable assistance from the clever mechanician and the understudy, to enable the leading man to grapple with the difficulties incidental to his effort to be two people at once.

Of course, the playwright constructs the pieces so as to avoid as much as possible the necessity of the actor appearing as black and white at the same moment; but it generally happens that there are scenes in which some ingenious device has to be employed to introduce a real actor, who has to meet his own shadow, as it were, on the stage face to face. Mr. James Fernandez told an interviewer how an actor played two parts without the intervention of an assistant. The actor had to leap out of a window in one character, and come in at a door immediately with every visible garment changed.

It was done in this manner: The entire costume of the second part was made in one piece, and opened down the back with a spring fastening; and so the actor literally jumped into his second dress as he darted through the casement. The effect was very astonishing; but, after all, it approximated to the feats of the quick-change artists and transformation dancers.

In A Man's Shadow it will be remembered that Mr. Beerbohm Tree had a quick change to make, when impersonating at one minute the good and innocent Laroque, and the next the bad Luversan, the scoundrel and spy. An eye-witness described how, when Laroche came off the stage, the dressers seized Mr. Tree and tore off his frock coat and flaming French necktie, and how the seedy brown cutaway was donned, the "toupet" added to the wig, the shining patent boots dulled with a damp cloth, the moustache lengthened and painted, and the complexion darkened—so that Laroque became Luversan in the twinkling of an eye! But it is in the last scene

that a real double is necessary. Laroque, careworn, has returned from New Caledonia, found his wife and child at a roadside inn, and retreated into an inner room as the gendarmes are heard searching the streets for him. At this point Mr. Tree becomes Luversan, the spy, once more. What follows is best described in the words of a spectator behind the scenes.

"As the scoundrel Luversan slouches along in the falling snow to the door of the auberge, I notice, standing by my side, another Luversan, with the same dirty blouse, the same matted hair, and the same unkempt beard. He is kneeling close to an opening in the canvas behind the staircase on the right-hand side of the stage. Then comes Henriette's shriek as she recognizes her husband's shadow; the tramp of the soldiery is heard outside; as Luversan flies to the staircase in the desperate hope of escape, the door is burst open. 'Dead or alive!' is the cry as they see the supposed Laroque. There is a crash of musketry, and, as the spy rolls over in his death agony, the eager mob surges around him.

"Then comes the turn of the double. In a trice he has darted through the opening in the scene, and now lies prone on the floor of the old inn, while Mr. Tree has rapidly gone off the stage, flung aside his blouse and peaked cap, and drawn on the long boots of the escaped convict. Meanwhile the crowd, discovering its mistake, cries, 'Where is Laroque?' 'Here!' and at the top of the staircase stands the Innocent man with wife and child in his close embrace." So accurately timed is the harmonious working of Mr. Tree and his understudy, so perfect the identity of their make-up, that even the veteran theatre-goer feels the thrill of surprise.

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When playing in The Corsican Brothers, Mr. Henry Irving, who "doubled" the part of the twins, was assisted in very ingenious fashion by Mr. Arthur Mathison, a clever performer, the author of some successful dramas, who was chosen presumably because of his supposed likeness to Mr. Irving. It will be remembered that in the first act Fabien, in Corsica, is visited by the ghost of his brother Louis, who had been killed in a duel in the Forest of Fontainebleau by Château Renaud.

In the second act, the scene having changed to Paris, the events culminating in the death of Louis are depicted, and Mr. Irving, of course, becomes Louis. In the third act he is once more Fabien, who has sworn a vendetta against the murderer of his brother, and, as fate will have it, the surviving twin meets Château Renaud on the very spot where Louis died. They fight and Château Renaud falls. Then there reappears the spirit of Louis, and, in order to embody his ghost, Mr. Irving has to rush to the wings hurriedly, go down underneath the stage, and reascend on a trap into public view as it is slowly worked upward. One difficulty was to give the ghost a gliding motion, making the figure rise as it advanced, but this was overcome by the ingenuity of the stage foreman.

The other difficulty was to provide a double for Fabien, and the plan adopted was this: Mr. Irving had to step behind a practicable tree, while Mr. Mattison quickly took his place, with express instructions, as he emerged from the shadow of the tree, to keep his back to the audience when he faced the spirit of the dead Louis. In this way Irving was enabled to portray Fabien at one moment and Louis a few seconds later in a manner to puzzle the closest observer.

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Another smart device was employed by the same actor in The Lyons Mail, in which he doubled the parts of the innocent Lesurques and the murderer Dubosc. Everybody knows how the ruffian trades upon the resemblance which the respectable Lesurques bears to him, and how the innocent suffers for the guilty almost to the death. One of the most striking scenes in the play is where Dubosc from a garret, with fiendish exultation, looks down upon the place of execution where preparations are made for making Lesurques pay the penalty of Dubosc's crime.

Irving kicks his feet with glee in a "devil's tattoo" as he sees the man he hates go to meet his fate. But there is a sudden roar, "A reprieve!" an instantaneous recognition of Dubosc at the window, a rush upon the house by the mob, a thundering up the stairs, and a fierce onslaught against the door. There stands Dubosc at bay. The door is forced open; he is behind it. The crowd beat back the door, drag Dubosc from his concealment, surround him, and, at that instant, Lesurques, who is Irving, enters the room in calm contrast to the demeanor of the murderer, Dubosc—his inveterate enemy.

How is it done? Simply in this manner: When Dubosc is beaten back, the door, as it opens inwards, hides him from the audience, and he is enabled to slip through a trap in the scene unperceived, while the figure which the crowd seize and hustle through the scene is only a double. In Vanderdecken, in the storm scene, when Irving is forced from the cliff into the boiling sea, he does not himself fall into the waves, but his place is taken by a dummy, and the actor has time to get to the back of the scene and to the breaking of the surf, whence he emerges, thrown by the waves upon the shore as one who cannot be drowned.

Paris as it is To-Day

CONTEMPORARY LIFE IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL

THE steamship companies estimate that about one hundred and thirty thousand Americans visited Europe last summer, and of these it is safe to say that nine-tenths stopped in Paris for a few days at least, says the Paris correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. Most of them probably came away with the impression that Paris is not remarkably different from New York, and the tourists' Paris isn't; people who have lived in both cities admit that. But there are many things about the French capital that don't get into the guide-books, and, unless one has kept his eyes open and shunned the boulevards, he isn't likely to have been attracted by them. Here, for instance, noted at random, are some facts distinctive of Paris, even if they be trivial.

Paris leads all the cities in the world in the way of domestic pets. Constantinople and Munich may have more dogs and London more cats, but no city has so many dogs, cats, parrots, monkeys and canaries, collectively. A Paris bourgeois household is not a household without its quota of pets. All told, the dogs number seventy-four thousand one hundred and four, and the cats must be fully as many; the other pets are not counted. The dogs and cats are always in the street, but it is a curious fact that nobody ever saw a French dog attack a cat. They live either in absolute harmony or in indifference; often strange dogs play with strange cats, and strange cats with one another. Perhaps the fact that most of the cats are Angoras may have something to do with it. There are no fences in Paris back yards. The French are kind to their pet animals and, strange to say, cruel to their horses.

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Paris is probably the only city in the world which has trees that bloom twice a year habitually. These are the horse chestnuts. There are seventeen thousand of them planted in the squares and along the boulevards, and twenty-six thousand buttonwoods. The trees in Paris are numbered, just like the people, the cabs, the animals, the lamp posts, and the matches. These horse chestnuts have only been doing this trick for about five years, and only some of them have made a practice of it. These die, or apparently die, in the latter part of July, and all the leaves fall off. A month or so later they all come out into flower again, and little green leaves shoot forth continually until they are nipped by the first frost. There is a reason for this, and the scientists worked over the matter for a long time to be able to explain it. Briefly and unscientifically, the trees lose their leaves because they are attacked by a little fungus, which is blown upon them by the wind; then, being still full of sap, they start to put forth leaves all over again, as if trying to make up their losses.

The Seine is the most versatile of rivers. Most people seem to think that it is only to cross over, because of the frequent bridges; but it has many other uses.

It is a sewer; it is a highway for floating omnibuses or flyboats, which carry more people between different parts of the city than any ten tramways; it is a navigable stream for deep-water craft—from England principally—and affords a dozen ports in the city of Paris alone; it is a canal upon which there float more canal boats than upon any regular canal in France; it is a bathtub, not only for people (in the many floating baths which line its banks), but also for horses, cows and dogs, which have each a designated bathing place; it is a swimming pond for many ducks and geese; it is a reservoir from which water is pumped for the cleansing of the city streets; it is a laundry tub, in which more than nine-tenths of the clothes of the citizens are washed—washing never being done at home, even by the poorest people.

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Last, and most important, it is the angling ground of the world's most patient fishermen. Perhaps fish have been caught in the Seine, because often men have protested that they have caught them, but no one—if the same men be excepted—ever saw one caught. This fact, notwithstanding the passion for fishing, and fishing in the Seine particularly, a French statesman has called the evil co-equal with the drinking of absinthe that is undermining the nation. Spring, summer, autumn, winter; morning, noon and evening; rain or shine, the Parisian world stands on the quays with a hook in the water waiting for a bite. Men, women and children are in the crowds, and some look poor and some look rich, but nobody ever looks other than expectant. The waiters of the small cafés and restaurants in the Champs Elysées take advantage of the dull hours, and, bareheaded, aproned, and with napkins covering their immaculate shirt bosoms, seek a place in the ranks; cabmen, too, and errand boys and tramps—everybody. If a census were taken some fine day it would indubitably show that at least one-twentieth of the population of Paris was always fishing in the Seine.

Cotton is a very necessary article in Paris, but apparently it is used chiefly to put in the ears. Rather, in one ear, because the French are not extravagant. They merely want to stop the draught. They do not want to stop it so much for fear of earache, but to avoid toothache, because French dentists are not skillful, and French teeth are usually out of repair. However, the cotton is regarded as useful to keep out cold generally. A Parisian will go out into the street on the coldest winter day without his overcoat and without his hat, but never without his wad of preservative cotton. As a matter of fact, they wear it always, even in midsummer; they assume the protection in childhood and never relinquish it. It is usually white, or white at the start, but the shopgirls and fanciful young men affect pink. It is a curious sight to see the people on the top of an omnibus when it turns a corner, thus bringing the wind from another quarter. Simultaneously they stop talking, shift the wad to the windward ear, then begin again where they left off. The Seine has many bends, and a boatload of Parisians traveling any distance is kept busy adapting themselves to the changes.

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Cabs are not so cheap in Paris as they are in some German cities (where the rate is as low as fifteen cents a mile), but in German cities, as in most other places, they are hired for the conveyance of people; in Paris they are let for anything. This is partly because the rates for the transportation of packages and the cost of household moving are very high, and partly because a cab is convenient, and always to be found when wanted.

Many Paris washerwomen use cabs habitually for fetching or carrying home the wash; they are employed as delivery wagons by tailors, dressmakers, milliners, and even grocers and butchers; they serve, decorated with placards, as traveling advertisements; many poor families make use of them, instead of trucks or handcarts, for house-moving; they are universally employed by bicyclists to get away from the centre of the town; frequently they are turned into ambulances, because the ambulance system of Paris is very primitive; finally, in three cases recently, as many Parisians remarked without thinking it odd, cabs served, respectively, for the conveyance of a donkey, a sick calf (its head out of one window and its tail switching from the other), and a young ostrich from the Jardin d'Acclimation. Paris cabmen are always cheats, but there is one good thing about them; they are not allowed under any circumstances whatever to solicit custom. This, however, is common to most of the respectable cities on the Continent.

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There are no clanging bells in Paris and no factory whistles, but there is very much foghorn and whip-snapping. Street cars, fire engines, omnibuses, horseless carriages, ambulances, and some bicycles have foghorns of varying size, and the blowing is incessant. Other bicycles, cabs with pneumatic wheels, and certain classes of delivery wagons have cow bells or sleigh bells. This is regulated by law and no alarm bells are permitted. The bicycles do not carry lamps, but Chinese lanterns, and all vehicles must have a light by night. Many of the principal streets forming arteries of traffic are paved on one side with granite blocks, and on the other with macadam, wood, or asphalt; on these streets wagons must stick to the granite and carriages to the smoother surface. In most of the fine streets of the western quarter no wagons are permitted at all; "no vehicles without springs" is the wording of the law.

Newsboys flourish only in America. In London they are men, in Paris men and women—women in the kiosks, men on the sidewalks. The men yell, and the women do not. Boys that ought to be newsboys are generally mischievous gamins, and, when over the age of sixteen, thieves and cutthroats. Sometimes they learn trades after they have stopped playing truant from school, but not generally; the apprentices are mostly country-born. The way you can tell a gamin from a boy who isn't a gamin in Paris, is by the uniform of a black alpaca thing, half apron and half gown. All decent children in Paris wear these things, and the garment is the same for a boy as for a girl; you can't tell them apart at first glance. Paris children seem like a huge charity school in consequence.

Paris cows are mostly kept in shops in the little side streets of the older quarters. They have an excursion to the country for two weeks once a year; otherwise they never leave their stalls. Paris milk is best when it has lots of spring water in it, which is mostly the case. It costs from ten to twelve cents a quart, according to the mixture. It is said to be a prolific cause of consumption unless judiciously diluted or sterilized. Parisians, however, do not use much milk—half a pint a head a day. About three-fifths of it comes from the country, and when it gets to Paris it is something like buttermilk, although not so good. This is because it is transported, not by rail, but by two-wheeled carts which have a pleasant rocking motion. Besides seventy-five hundred cows in Paris there are thirty-eight she asses and fifty-two goats, the milk of which is more expensive.

The goats are driven in small herds from door to door in the residence quarters by goatherds, who play on the pipe. They milk the goats at your doorstep to assure you that it is pure. A large majority of the babies of the wealthier people, and a good proportion of all Parisian children, derive sustenance wholly from their nurses. This is a branch of the Government service.

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There are scores of other peculiar things about Paris, and it takes more than a day or two to observe them all, but perhaps the most curious is the fact that of the 2,550,000 people living in Paris only thirty-seven per cent. are Parisians. This would not be strange if the foreign population were large, but it isn't. Foreigners form only eight per cent. of the total, against eleven per cent. in Berlin, twenty-two per cent. in Vienna, the same in London, twenty-four per cent. in St. Petersburg, and a very much higher percentage than that even in New York and Chicago.

Of the 200,000 foreign residents of Paris, 40,000 are Belgians, 32,000 Germans, 25,000 Italians, 19,000 English, 18,000 Swedes, and 3000 Russians. The native-born French, aside from Parisians, are from the provinces, and form fifty-five per cent. of the whole. The Parisian of Paris exists in only two, or perhaps three, types—the boulevardier, the bourgeois du Marais, and the voyou, and only the first is infallibly recognizable. Most of the bureaucrats are bourgeoise du Marais. This peculiarity of Paris perhaps throws some light on the question why it is always a centre of revolution. The provincial who stays at home is a good, easy man, faithful to the traditions of his native place. The provincial who comes to Paris is a seeker after wealth and fortune, a commercial or political adventurer. All the turbulent spirits come from the provinces. They make most of the noise, and there is much of it.

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Joaquin Miller's Writing.—Joaquin Miller's handwriting defies detection. He goes quite often to a certain house in Oakland, and the family there is acquainted with the peculiarities of his chirography. A fly had fallen into the inkstand, and the small boy of the family rescued it and dropped it on a piece of paper. After watching it intently for a while, he called in wild excitement to his mother: "Here's a fly, mamma, that writes just like Joaquin Miller."

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